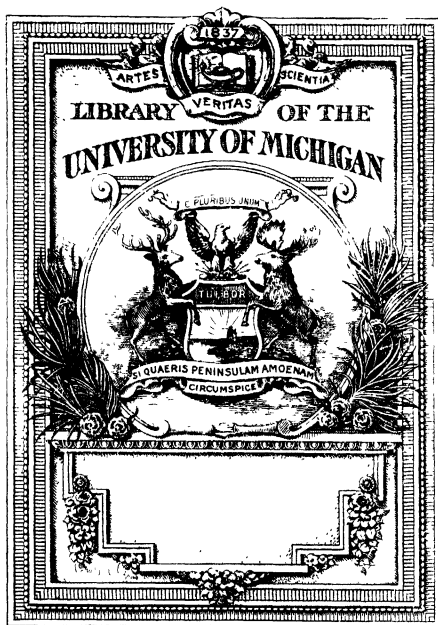


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THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE
IN THREE VOLUMES
VOL. II

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
ALEXANDER POPE

A NEW EDITION IN THREE VOLUMES

REVISED BY G. R. DENNIS, B.A. LOND.

WITH A MEMOIR BY

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ELEGY
TO THE MEMORY OF
AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.¹

WHAT beckoning ghost along the
moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to
yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

¹ “See the Duke of Buckingham's Verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's ‘Letters to several Ladies,’ p. 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.”—P. in Warburton's edit. of 1751. The Caryl correspondence has conclusively proved that the “Unfortunate Lady” was not the lady commemorated by the Duke of Buckingham, but a poetical invention. Carruthers says that if this note was written by Pope, it must have been written purely for mystification and deception. The “Elegy” was first published in 1717.

Why bade ye else, ye Powers ! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
 Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warmed the world
 before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children
 fall :

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way)
 " Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies
 steeled, 41

And cursed with heartsunknowing how to yield." 41
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe. 46

What can atone, oh ever-injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful
bier. 50

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers
mourned! 54

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face? 60
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be
dressed,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow; 66
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and
fame. 70

How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee; ÷
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they
sung, 75
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful
 lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er, 81
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

ELOISA TO ABELARD.¹

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This, awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.—P.²



N these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive contempla-
 tion dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?

¹ First published in 1717.

² The original Latin Epistles of Abelard and Eloisa (which Elwin considers spurious) were translated with considerable alteration into French, and were afterwards translated from the French into English by Hughes in 1714. Pope has followed the English version.

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last
retreat? 5

Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!

In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round
contains

Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:

Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagged with horrid
thorn! 1 20

Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins
— keep,

And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent
grown,

I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part, 25
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,

¹ The expression "shagged with horrid thorn" ("horrid shades" in Milton) is from Comus. Other epithets in this poem, as "pale-eyed," "low-thoughted care," "forget myself to stone," &c., are also from Milton's minor poems. Warton pointed out these; and there are numerous imitations of Dryden, Crashaw, Congreve, and other poets.—*Carruthers*.

That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear ! 31
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe ;
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
 There stern religion quenched the unwilling
 flame,
 There died the best of passions, Love and
 Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power away ;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ? 44
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer ;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ; 49
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid :
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love
 inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy
 flame,
 When love approached me under friendship's
 name ; 60
 My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,

Some emanation of the all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listened while you
 sung ;

And truths divine came mended from that
tongue.¹

From lips like those what precept failed to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I
said,

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,² 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to
love? 80

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone. 84
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;

¹ He was her preceptor in philosophy and divinity.
—P.

2 “Love will not be confined by maisterie :
When maisterie comes, the lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.”
—*Chaucer*.—P.

If there be yet another name more free, 89
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possessed,
 No craving void left aching in the breast:
 Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it
 part, 95
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the
 heart.

This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors
 rise!

A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard, had opposed the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed, 105
 Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world fare-
 well? 110

As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew
 pale:

Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
 woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
Still on that breast enamoured let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled, 131
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallowed walls ;¹ the desert
smiled,

And Paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heaven :
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound,)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
crowned,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray, 145
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity ! 150
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !

¹ He founded the monastery.—P.

Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that, o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind, 156
The wandering streams that shine between the
hills,

The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ; 160
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose : 166
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ; 171
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch ! believed the spouse of God in
vain,
Confessed within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that
prayer ?

Sprung it from piety, or from despair ? 180
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new :

Now turned to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget ! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offence ?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?

Unequal task ! a passion to resign, 5
For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as
mine.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget. 200
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired ;
Not touched, but rapt ; not wakened, but in-
spired !

Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He 205
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned ;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep ; 211
“ Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ; ”¹
Desires composed, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to
heaven.

Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
And whispering angels prompt her golden
dreams.

For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,

¹ Taken from Crashaw.—P.

And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymeneals sing ; 220
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy : 224
When at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh cursed, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :

I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise ! 240
Alas, no more !—methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's
woe,

Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
creeps,
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the
deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise. 246
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose ; 251

No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows,
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven, 255
 And mild as opening dreams of promised
 heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands checked ; religion disapproves :
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that
 burn

To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?

The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned, 275
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul : 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
 Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
 tears ; 285

Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
 Assist the fiends and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
 Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I
 view !)

295

Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !
 O grace serene ! oh virtue heavenly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And faith, our early immortality ! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest :
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propped on some tomb, a neighbour of the
 dead.

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seemed to say,)
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ! 310
 Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;

Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 Ev'n superstition loses every fear : 315

For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
 I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow :

Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay, 321
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand, 326
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see !

It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

'Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
 And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.

O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame
 destroy,

(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
 round, 340

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,¹
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,

¹ Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete. He died in the year 1142, she in 1163.—P. Their remains were removed more than once, but in 1817 they were finally deposited in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris.

And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved, 351
"Oh may we never love as these have loved !"
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,¹
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from
heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure, if fate some future bard shall join,
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive
ghost ; 365
He best can paint them who shall feel them
most.

¹ The ritual term.—*Steevens*.



AN ESSAY ON MAN.
IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO
HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.







THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will forever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt

the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose ; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true ; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious ; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning : if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.



AN ESSAY ON MAN.¹

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of Man in the abstract—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 113, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miser-

¹ See The Memoir, p. xxxiv.

able, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason ; that reason alone counter-
vails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us ; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c., to the end.



WAKE, my St. John ! leave all
meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of
kings.

Let us, since life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die,
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous
shoot ;

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we
can ; 15

But vindicate the ways of God to Man.¹

¹ Cf. Milton, "Par. Lost," i. 26 :

"And justify the ways of God to men."

I. Say first, of God above, or man below.
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20
Through worlds unnumbered, though the God
be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied Being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through ? or can a part contain the
whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst
thou find, 35
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above, 41
Why Jove's satellites¹ are less than Jove ?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,² 45
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :

¹ Four syllables, as in Latin.

² That is to say, any gap causes a want of cohesion.

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong. 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65

His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and
why

This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in
fault;

Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70

His knowledge measured to his state and place;

His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so, 75

As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book
of Fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know:

Or who could suffer being here below ? ¹ 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

{ Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,

And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

{ Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given, } 85

{ That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven :

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,

{ And now a bubble burst, and now a world. } 90

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions
soar ;

Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore. ²

What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

{ Hope springs eternal in the human breast : } 95

Man never Is, but always To be blest.

The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,

Rests and expatiates in a life to come,

{ Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the
wind ; } 100

His soul, proud Science never taught to stray

Far as the solar walk or milky way ; ²

Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler
heaven ;

Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,

Some happier island in the watery waste, 106

Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

¹ See this pursued in Epist. iii., ver. 66, &c., ver. 79, &c.—P.

² The ancient opinion that the souls of the just went thither. See Tully, Som. Scipion and Manilius, i.—P.

To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of
 sense,

Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such, 115
 Say, Here He gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
 (Men would be angels, angels would be gods.)
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies
 shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
 mine:

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

“ No (’tis replied), the first Almighty Cause ¹⁴⁵

Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;

The exceptions few ; some change since all
began :

And what created perfect ? ”—Why then Man ?

If the great end be human happiness, ¹⁴⁹

Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of showers and sunshine, as of man’s desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven’s
design, ¹⁵⁵

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?

Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning
forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the
storms ;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind,

Or turns young Ammon ¹ loose to scourge man-
kind ? ¹⁶⁰

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning
springs ;

Account for moral as for natural things :

Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, ¹⁶⁵

Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air or ocean felt the wind ;

That never passion discomposed the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife ;

¹ Alexander the Great. See Pope’s note on *The Temple of Fame*, v. 154. *

And passions are the elements of life.¹ 170
 The general Order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward
 will he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as grieved
 appears, 175

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use, all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assigned; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;²
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.³

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
 Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing
 find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.

(Why has not man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?

¹ See this subject extended in Epist. ii. from ver. 100 to ver. 122; ver. 165, &c.—P.

² It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.—P.

³ See Epist. iii. ver. 79, &c., and ver. 109, &c.—P.

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ? 200

If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him
still

The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill !
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ? 206

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race, 209
From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,¹
And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ?
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine, 221
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier !
For ever separate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and reflection, how allied ; 225

¹ The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this :—At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.—P.

What thin partitions sense from thought divide;
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line!

Without this just gradation could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230

The powers of all subdued by thee alone,

Is not thy reason all these powers in one? —

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and
 this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high, progressive life may go! 235

Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of Being! which from God began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,

No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240

From thee to nothing. On superior powers

Were we to press, inferior might on ours:

Or in the full creation leave a void,

Where, one step broken, the great scale's de-
 stroyed: 244

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll

Alike essential to the amazing whole,

The least confusion but in one, not all

That system only, but the whole must fall. 250

Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,

Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;

Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,

Being on being wrecked, and world on world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre
 nod, 255

And Nature tremble to the throne of God.

All this dread Order break—for whom? for
 thee?

Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,¹

Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head? 260

What if the head, the eye, or ear repined

To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this general frame;

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains 265

The great directing Mind of All ordains.¹

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,)

(Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;

Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame; 270

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart; 276

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,

As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:

To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit: in this, or any other sphere, 285

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

¹ See the prosecution and application of this in Epist. iv. ver. 162.—P.

(All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ; 291
 All partial Evil, universal Good :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.)

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature : his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident : what is the office of reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 231, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

(I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great : 4

With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
~~Born but to die~~, and reasoning but to err ; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where Science
guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the
tides ; 20

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod, 25
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ? 36
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end ?
Alas what wonder ! Man's superior part 39

Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride;
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress, 45
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole or lop the excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which served the past, and must the times to
 come!

(II. Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its end, to move or govern all:
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroyed. 66

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise. 70
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75

At best more watchful this, but that more
strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains; 79
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to
fight,

More studious to divide than to unite ;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood, 91
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the Passions we may
call :

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not every good we can divide, 95
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List ¹ under reason, and deserve her care :
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast 101
Their virtue fixed ; 'tis fixed as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,

¹ The old form of "enlist."

Reason the card,¹ but passion is the gale :
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the
 wind. 110

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite :
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy ?
 Suffice that reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair Pleasure's smiling
 train,

Hate, fear, and grief, the family of Pain,
 These mixed with art, and to due bounds con-
 fined, 119

Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded
 strife

Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all
 alike ;

On different senses, different objects strike ;
 Hence different passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame ; 130
 And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.²

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ; 134
 The young disease, that must subdue at length ;

¹ The dial or face of a mariner's compass.

² The use of this doctrine, as applied to the know-
 ledge of mankind, is one of the subjects of the second
 book.—P. See *Moral Essays*, Epistle i.

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with
his strength ;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion, came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul : 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ; 145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power ;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more
sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful
sway,

In this weak queen some favourite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules, 151
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than
foe ;

A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends : 166
Like varying winds, by other passions tossed.
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of
ease; 170

Through life 'tis followed, even at life's ex-
pense;

The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The Eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed:
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well re-
fined,

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied: 196
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos
joined,

What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205

In man they join to some mysterious use;

Though each by turns the other's bounds
invade,

As, in some well-wrought picture, light and
shade,

And oft so mix, the difference is too nice

Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite

A thousand ways, is there no black or white?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;

'Tis to mistake them costs the time and
pain. 216

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace/ 220

But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:

Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the
Tweed;

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,

At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
where.

No creature owns it in the first degree, 225

But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:

Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,

Or never feel the rage, or never own;

What happier natures shrink at with affright,

The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be,

Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;

The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;

And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ; 235
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a several goal ;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the
whole.

That counterworks each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints the effect of every vice ; 240
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength
of all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ; 256
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to re-
sign ;

Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or
pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with him-
self.

The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty given, 265

The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blessed, the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of
age : 280

Pleased with this bauble still, as that before ;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied, 285
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is given in vain ; 290
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.¹
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

¹ See further of the use of this principle in man, Epist. iii. ver. 121, 124, 133, 143, 199, &c., 269, &c., 316, &c. and Epist. iv. ver. 353 and 363.—P.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO SOCIETY.

I. The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. III. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 131. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 169, and in the forms of society, ver. 179. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 199. Origin of monarchy, ver. 209. VI. Patriarchal government, ver. 215. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, ver. 241, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 283. Mixed government, ver. 289. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 303, &c.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of
love

Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,

The single atoms each to other tend,

Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
See life dissolving vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign : parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
All served, all serving : nothing stands alone : 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy
good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn : 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the
pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her
care ;

The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my
use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pampered
goose:

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak con-
trol;

Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole: 50

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,

And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,

Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,

To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;

For some his interest prompts him to provide,

For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy 61

The extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,

He saves from famine, from the savage saves:

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65

And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,

Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain.¹

The creature had his feast of life before;

Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,

Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:

To man imparts it; but with such a view

As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

¹ Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.—P.

The hour concealed, and so remote the fear, 75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assigned
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason or with Instinct
blessed,

Know, all enjoy that power which suits them
best; 80

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
Cares not for service, or but serves when pressed,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers 95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and flood¹
To shun their poison, and to choose their
food? 100

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoisre,² without rule or line?

¹ "Wood" in all editions, though designated as an erratum by Pope in his small edition of 1736.—*Croker*.

² An eminent mathematician.—P. Born 1667, died 1754.

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown
before ?

Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the
way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickeneth ether keeps, 115
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their
race.

Thus beast and bird their common charge
attend, 125

The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the
care :

The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;

Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ; 136
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintained, habitual those :
The last, scarce ripened into perfect man, 141
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ; 144
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the interest and preserved the kind.

IV. Nor think in Nature's State they blindly
trod ;

The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the
shade ;

The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymned their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstained, with gold
undressed,

Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turned on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art !

To copy instinct then was reason's part; 170
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake :
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,¹
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know ; 186
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate. 190
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too
strong.
Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey : 196

¹ Oppian. *Halieut.*, Lib. i., describes this fish in the following manner :

"They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship ; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail ; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."—P.

And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crowned as Monarchs, or as Gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man
obeyed;

Cities were built, societies were made: 200

Here rose one little state; another near

Grew by like means, and joined through love
or fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,

And there the streams in purer rills descend?

What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,

And he returned a friend, who came a foe. 206

Converse and love mankind might strongly
draw,

When love was liberty, and Nature law.

Thus states were formed; the name of King
unknown,

Till common interest placed the sway in one,

'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms, 211

Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),

The same which in a sire the sons obeyed,

A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crowned, each
patriarch sate, 215

King, priest, and parent of his growing state;

On him, their second Providence, they hung,

Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wondering furrow called the food,

Taught to command the fire, control the
flood, 220

Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,

Or fetch the ærial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sickening, dying they began

Whom they revered as God to mourn as man

Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored 225

One great first Father, and that first adored

Or plain tradition, that this All begun,

Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son ;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one. 230
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And owned a father when he owned a God.
Love, all the faith and all the allegiance then ;
For Nature knew no right divine in men, 236
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good :
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man. 240
 Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms
 undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its
 cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest
 law ; 245
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects
 made :
She, midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
 sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned
 the ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise : 254
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes :
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide; 261
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on
pride.

Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more:
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world
below,

And played the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just and through
unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust: 270

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.

For, what one likes, if others like as well,

What serves one will, when many wills rebel?

How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,

A weaker may surprise, a stronger take? 276

His safety must his liberty restrain:

All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,

Ev'n kings learned justice and benevolence: 280

Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,

And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous
mind,

Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore 285

The faith and moral Nature gave before;

Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;

If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,

Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender
strings, 290

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO HAPPINESS.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 26. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 49. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 67. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 93. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 259, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 309. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 327, &c.

OH Happiness ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy
 name :

That something still which prompts the eternal
 sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5

O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.

Plant of celestial seed ! if dropped below,

Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?

Fair opening to some Court's propitious shine,

Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ? 10

Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels
 yield,

Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?

Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain
 our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere, 15

'Tis no where to be found, or every where :

'Tis never to be bought, but always free ;

And, fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with
 thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way ? the learn'd
 are blind ;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,

Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;

Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;

Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain ;

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25

To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's
 leave ;

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning
well ;

And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause" 35
Acts not by partial, but by general laws ; "

And makes what happiness we justly call

Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,

But some way leans and hearkens to the kind :

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride, 41

No caverned hermit, rests self-satisfied :

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,

Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :

Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45

All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :

Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from
hence

That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness :

But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60

Heaven breathes through every member of the
whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men happiness was meant, 65
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy called, unhappy those ;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope, and these in
 fear : ¹ 70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil sur-
 veys, 75

And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and compe-
 tence. 80

But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
 right ?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion
 first ?

Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains : 90

¹ The exemplification of this truth by a view of the equality of happiness in the several particular stations of life, was designed for the subject of a future Epistle.—P.

And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme
below,

Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !

Who sees and follows that great scheme the
best, 95

Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call,

For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !¹

See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust !² 100

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !³

Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?

Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er
gave,

Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?⁴

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105

Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire ?

Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,

When nature sickened, and each gale was
death ?⁵

Or why so long (in life if long can be)

Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me ?⁶

¹ Viscount Falkland was killed at the Battle of Newbury, in 1643.

² Marshal Turenne was killed in 1675, near Salzbach.

³ Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at Zutphen in 1586.

⁴ See Pope's epitaph on the Hon. Robert Digby, who died in 1726.

⁵ M. de Balsance, made Bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city in the year 1720 he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity. He died in the year 1755.—*Warton*.

⁶ The mother of the author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733.—*Warburton*.

What makes all physical or moral ill ? 111
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, 'till man improved it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120

IV. Think we, like some weak prince, the
 Eternal Cause

Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws ?
 Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,¹
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be impressed, 125
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?²
 When the loose mountain trembles from on
 high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall, 129
 For Chartres'³ head reserve the hanging wall ?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the
 knave)

Contents us not. A better shall we have ?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be :

¹ Empedocles, wishing to be thought a god, threw himself into the crater of *Ætna*, cir. B.C. 444. Pliny the Elder perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. Mark Pattison remarks that the words "if a sage requires," are not appropriate to Empedocles, that Pliny was killed at Vesuvius, not at *Ætna*, and that it is possible there is here a confused allusion to the two different facts.

² Hugh Bethel, to whom the Imitation of Horace, Book ii. Sat. ii. is addressed. He was afflicted with asthma.

³ See Moral Essays, Ep. iii. 20.

But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, There is, and that, There is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest, 141
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too; 146
And which more blest? who chained his country,
say,

Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day? ¹

“But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is
fed.”

What then? is the reward of virtue bread? 150
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
“No—shall the good want health, the good
want power?”

Add health and power, and every earthly thing:
“Why bounded power? why private? why no
king? 160

Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?”

¹ Suetonius (Life of Titus, § 8), relates that recollecting at supper that he had conferred no favour on anyone during the day, Titus exclaimed, “My friends, I have lost a day.”

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;
 Immense the power, immense were the de-
 mand; 165

Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can
destroy,

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give humility a coach and six, 170

Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,

Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us
there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for
here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175

Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;

As well as dream such trifles are assigned,

As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing :

How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can Riches give repute, or trust, 185

Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?

Judges and senates have been bought for gold,

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

O fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,

The lover and the love of human-kind, 190

Whose life is healthful and whose conscience
clear.

Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise:

Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small difference
made, 195

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
“What differ more (you cry) than crown and
cowl ?”

I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the
fellow :

The rest is all but leather or prunella.¹

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with
strings, 205
That thou mayst be by kings or whores of
kings.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood 211
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the
flood,

Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards. 216

Look next on Greatness ; say where Great-
ness lies.

“Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?”
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;² 220

¹ A smooth woollen stuff, formerly used for clergy-
men's gowns.

² Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden.
Elwin notes that the expression “Macedonia's mad-
man” is a reference to Alexander the Great.

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind !

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise ; 225

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes :

Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can
cheat ;

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great : 230

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235

Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame? A fancied life in others'
breath,

A thing beyond us, even before our death.

Just what you hear, you have, and what's un-
known

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends ;

To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living,¹ as a Cæsar dead ;

Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine. 246

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;²

man," is from Mandeville, *Fable of the Bees*, vol. i. p. 26, "Who can forbear laughing when he thinks of all the great men that have been so serious on the subject of that Macedonian madman ?"

¹ Prince Eugene of Savoy died 1736.

² Alluding to the pen with which the wit writes, and the bâton which was the symbol of authority of the general.—*Pattison*. Elwin's explanation is more

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave ; 250
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the
heart :

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ; 256
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own :
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge : 264
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence !¹ yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount :
How much of other each is sure to cost ; 271
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,

probable. He says, " Pope is deriding fame in general, and divides famous men into two classes—' heroes and the wise.' The wise are compared to feathers, which are flimsy and showy ; and the heroes, who are the scourges of mankind, are compared to rods."

¹ From Addison's Cato, Act iii. Sc. 5.

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.¹
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ;
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.² 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :³
 Or ravished with the whistling of a name,⁴
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and
 great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete !
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens, who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that raised the hero, sunk the man :
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for
 gold :
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plundered provinces.⁵
 Oh wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame 299
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
 What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade,

¹ It is not known who is meant by Lord Umbra. Sir Billy was Sir William Yonge.

² Mr. Croker suggests that Gripus and his wife may be Mr. Wortley Montagu and Lady Mary. Pope accused them both of greed for money.—*Elwin*.

³ "The greatest, bravest, wittiest of mankind."
Oldham.

⁴ "Charmed with the foolish whistlings of a name."
Cowley.

⁵ These lines refer to the Duke of Marlborough.

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous
shade.

Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
Compute the morn and evening to the day :
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their
shame !

VII. Know then this truth (enough for man
to know)

“ Virtue alone is happiness below.” 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain, 315

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, though e’er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed :

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue’s very tears : 320
Good, from each object, from each place ac-
quired,

For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
Never elated, while one man’s oppressed ;
Never dejected, while another’s blessed ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all
bestow ;

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
know :

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will
find ; 330

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature’s
God :

Pursues that chain which links the immense
design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335

But touches some above, and some below ;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first, last purpose of the human soul ;

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,

All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man. 340

For him alone, hope leads from goal to
goal,

And opens still, and opens on his soul ;

Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,

It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees why Nature plants in man alone 345

Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss un-
known :

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind

Are given in vain, but what they seek they
find ;)

Wise is her present ; she connects in this

His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ; 350

At once his own bright prospect to be blessed,

And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,

Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing
thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part :

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and
sense,

In one close system of benevolence :

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts : but human
soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads; 365
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the
mind

Take every creature in, of every kind; 370
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty
blessed,

And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come, then, my friend! my genius! come
along;

Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now
ascends, 375

To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy
foes,

Shall then this verse to future age pretend 389
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light;
Showed erring Pride, Whatever is, is right;

That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim ;
That true Self-love and Social are the same ; 396
That Virtue only makes our bliss below !
And all our Knowledge is, Ourselves to know.



THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.



The following note by Warburton explains the design of the "Universal Prayer." "Concerning this poem it may be proper to observe that some passages in the preceding *Essay* having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in free-will and terminated in piety : That the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it : and that, by submission to his will (the Great Principle enforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination : but a religious acquiescence and confidence full of Hope and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase."



THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood, 5
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill; 10
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
~~What~~ Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun, 15
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ; 30
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied, 35
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath ;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot : 45
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, 50
One chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's incense rise !



MORAL ESSAYS:

IN

FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

“Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.”—*Hor.*



Warburton in his edition of the poet's works, thus explained the connection between the Moral Essays and the Essay on Man :

“The Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books :

“The first of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

“The second was to have consisted of the same number : 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit ; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

“The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained ; together with the several modes of religious worship, so far forth as they affect society ; between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting connexion and closest relation ; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

“The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

“The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years ; but was, partly through ill-health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner, laid aside.”



MORAL ESSAYS.¹

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract; books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c., ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding

¹ The Moral Essays were published between 1731 and 1735.

from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 119. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 141. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158 to ver. 173. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 174. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.



YES, you despise the man to books
 confined,
 Who from his study rails at human
 kind;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may
 advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and
 knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.
 And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make, 11
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake;
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from notions, these from
 guess.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmarked fibre, or some varying vein :
 Shall only man be taken in the gross ?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.¹

That each from other differs, first confess ;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less ; 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows
 finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
 On human actions reason though you can, 25
 It may be reason, but it is not man :
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.
 Like following life through creatures you dis-
 sect,

You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
 All manners take a tincture from our own ;
 Or come discoloured through our passions
 shown.

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way :²
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not
 take. 40

¹ There are above 300 sorts of moss observed by naturalists.—P.

² These lines originally stood after ver. 24. "*Their way*" referred to "quick whirls and shifting eddies." When the passage was transposed it was forgotten that the plural pronoun had no corresponding noun to explain it.—*Courthope*.

Oft in the passions' wild rotation tossed,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
 Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Though past the recollection of the thought),
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is
 wrought;
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50
 True, some are open, and to all men known ;
 Others so very close, they're hid from none ;
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than
 light) :
 Thus gracious Chandos¹ is beloved at sight ;
 And every child hates Shylock, though his
 soul 55
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
 At half mankind when generous Manly² raves,
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
 When universal homage Umbra³ pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,⁴
 While one there is who charms us with his
 spleen.⁵
 But these plain characters we rarely find ;
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of
 mind :
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ; 65

¹ James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos.

² Manly is the principal character in Wycherley's Plain Dealer.

³ Probably Walter Carey. See Satires of Dr. Donne, iv. 177, and the Satire on Umbra among the Miscellaneous Poems.

⁴ Queen Caroline.

⁵ Dean Swift.

Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy ;
 And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie :
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man in vigour, in the gout ;
 Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
 Early at business, and at hazard late ;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ; 75
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius¹ is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave.
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,²
 His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ! all interests weighed,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed !
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet, 85
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage
 Charron !)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
 A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,³
 A godless regent tremble at a star ?⁴ 90
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,⁵

¹ Catius is Charles Dartineuf, whom Gay calls a "grave joker," and who was a noted epicure. He occurs again in the *Imitations of Horace*.—*Carruthers*.

² Lord Godolphin.—*Warburton*.

³ Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.—P.

⁴ Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.—P.

⁵ Philip V. of Spain, who after renouncing the

Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?

Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,¹
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same :
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game; 96
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent What conclude the
Why, 100

Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their
crowns :

To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an empire, that embroils a state :
The same adust complexion has impelled²
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man ; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind : 110
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the
great :

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115

throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen ;
and Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia, who
resigned the crown, and, trying to reassume it, was
imprisoned till his death.—P.

¹ The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and
the above-mentioned King of Sardinia.—*Warburton*.

² “Adust complexion” means “fiery tempera-
ment.” The description is untrue. Both Charles (V.)
and Philip (II.) had the typical Flemish disposition,
cool and phlegmatic.—*Courthope*.

He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

II. But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you
can :

The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save) 125
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk? 1
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn : 136
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;
Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more
everything. 140

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can
penetrate :

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all diffusive rays 145
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,

¹ Cleopatra. Warton remarks that drunkenness was not a vice of Cæsar's.

We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. 150
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar :
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power :
A quaker ? sly : a presbyterian ? sour : 156
A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell ¹
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce ?
Some God or Spirit he has lately found ;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned. 165

Judge we by nature ? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ? those uncertainty divides ;
By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ? they still take a wider range : 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with
climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search then the Ruling Passion : there,
alone,

The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ; 176
Priest, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,

¹ In the first edition "J——n now shall tell ;"
meaning, perhaps, Johnston, the Scottish Secretary,
afterwards Lord Register.—*Carruthers*.

The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confessed.¹

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with whate'er could win it from the
wise,

Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wondering senates hung on all he
spoke,

The club must hail him master of the joke. 185
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.²

Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire, 190

And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt ; 195

His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;

A constant bounty which no friend has made ;

An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;

A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200

Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;

A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;

A rebel to the very king he loves ;

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,

And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great. 205

Ask you why Wharton broke through every
rule ?

'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him
fool.

¹ Philip, Duke of Wharton.

² John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagances in the time of Charles II.—P.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take. 211

When Catiline by rapine swelled his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;¹
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days, 216
Had aimed, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins, 226
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out, 230
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.²

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed
By his own son, that passes by unblest: 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

¹ Servilia, the sister of Cato and the mother of Brutus.—*Warton*.

² An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by dancing.—*P.*

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
 The doctor called, declares all help too late :
 "Mercy! (cries Helluo,) mercy on my soul! 240
 Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests
 attend,

Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.¹ 245

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint pro-
 voke,"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa
 spoke):²

"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless
 face:

One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
 dead— 250

And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had
 shined

An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
 could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?"

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,³ 256

¹ A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke of an old Countess at Paris.—*Warburton*.

² This story as well as the others is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.—P. The lady was Mrs. Oldfield. Betty was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield's friend and confidante.—*Warton*.

³ The name of the miser in Plautus's *Aulularia*.—*Croker*.

And sighed) my lands and tenements to Ned.”
 “Your money, sir?”—“My money, sir, what
 all?”

Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.”
 “The manor, sir?”—“The manor! hold, (he
 cried,) 260

Not that,—I cannot part with that!”—and
 died.

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 “Oh, save my country, Heaven!” shall be your
 last. 265

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.¹

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall :
 “Most women have no characters at all.”
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguished by black, brown, or
 fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia's Countess,² here in ermined pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,

¹ Martha Blount.

² Lady Winchelsea.—*Croker*.

Or dressed in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps
divine;¹

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come, then, the colours and the ground pre-
pare!

Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this
minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the
park,²

Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's³ diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;⁴
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice; 31
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the
wink,

¹ Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance amongst others, that whereas in the characters of men he has sometimes made use of real names, in the characters of women, always fictitious.—P.

² Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: as, I., in the affected, ver. 21, &c.—P.

³ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

⁴ Contrarieties in the soft-natured.—P.

But spare your censure—Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose. 36

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—“How charming is a
 park!”

A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
 All bathed in tears—“Oh odious, odious
 trees!” 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show ;
 \ 'Tis to their changes half their charms we
 owe;

Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarmed,¹ 45
 Awed without virtue, without beauty charmed ;
 Her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes,
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise ;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she
 had,

Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ; 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touched the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,²
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ; 54
 Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
 And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare ;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,

¹ Contrarieties in the cunning and artful.—P.

² In the whimsical.—P.

Now drinking citron with his Grace¹ and
Chartres :

Now conscience chills her, and now passion
burns ; 65

And atheism and religion take their turns ;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.²

See Sin in state, majestically drunk ;³
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ; 70
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then ? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouched, that noble seat of
thought :

Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain ?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.⁴
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-goût and the tip of taste, 80
Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deigned at home to eat :
So Philomédé,⁵ lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;⁶

¹ The Duke of Wharton. For Chartres, see Epistle III. 20, note.

² I have been informed on good authority that this character was designed for the Duchess of Hamilton.—*Warton*.

³ Contrarieties in the lewd and vicious.—P.

⁴ Tall-boy was a character in a comedy called *The Jovial Crew*, by Richard Brome.—*Carruthers*.

⁵ Designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve.—*Warton*.

⁶ Contrarieties in the witty and refined.—P.

But what are these to great Atossa's
 mind? ¹ 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratified, except her rage,
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from
 hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her every turn with violence pursued,
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
 But an inferior not dependent? worse. 136
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.² 140
 Last night, her lord was all that's good and
 great;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,

¹ The Duchess of Marlborough. Atossa was daughter of Cyrus, sister of Cambyzes, and wife of Darius.

² This alludes to a temple she erected with a bust of Queen Anne in it, which mouldered away in a few years.—*Wilkes*.

By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers ! without one distress,
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness ! 146
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded
 store,

Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. 150

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right :
 For how should equal colours do the knack ? 155
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“Yet Chloe¹ sure was formed without a
 spot.”—

Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.

“With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want ?”—She wants a
 heart. 160

{ She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she
 ought,

But never, never, reached one generous thought.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,

Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmoved, 165

As never yet to love, or to be loved.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,

Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;

And when she sees her friend in deep despair,

Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair !

Forbid it Heaven, a favour or a debt 171

She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;

But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

¹ Lady Suffolk.—*Warton*.

Of all her dears she never slandered one, 175
But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.¹

Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise ? 179
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnished out, and made a
Queen :

The same for ever ! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and
ball.

Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will, 185
And show their zeal, and hide their want of
skill.

'Tis well—but artists ! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals : 190
The exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.

If Queensberry² to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
To draw the man who loves his God, or
King :

Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet,³ or plain Parson Hale.⁴

¹ Warton says, that Pope, being at dinner one day with Lady Suffolk, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night.

² The Duchess of Queensberry.

³ Servant to the late king (George I.), said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.
—P.

⁴ Dr. Stephen Hales, Vicar of Teddington.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are
shown,

A woman's seen in private life alone : 200

Our bolder talents in full light displayed ;

Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;

There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or
pride,

Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice, 205

That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;¹

In women, two almost divide the kind ;

Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,

The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson
taught²

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?

Experience, this ; by man's oppression cursed,

They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;

But every woman is at heart a rake ; 216

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;

But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !³

Power all their end, but beauty all the means :

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage, 221

As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;

¹ The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform.—P.

² This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity.—P.

³ What are the aims and fate of this sex.—I. As to Power.—P.

No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the fair as great!
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.
 Worn out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they
 die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,¹
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend, 235
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
 Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
 Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
 As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night; 240
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah, Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;²
 To raise the thought and touch the heart be
 thine! 250
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
 Ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
 So when the sun's broad beam has tired the
 sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,

¹ II. As to Pleasure.—P.

² Advice for their true interest.—P.

Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded
ray

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will, 265
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;¹
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.

{ And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite
blest,

Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
Blends, in exception to all general rules, 275
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fixed principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces—you ! 280

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with
care, 285

Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;

¹ See The Rape of the Lock, canto iii. 92, note.

And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
 The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
 Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know
 it,
 To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.¹

TO

ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has

¹ This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."—P. See Epistle IV. ver. 99, note.

been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 79 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c., 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples, both miserable in life and in death, ver. 291, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of
Heaven;

And gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief underground: 10
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of
men,

To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has
passed, 15

We find our tenets just the same at last.

Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,

No grace of Heaven or token of the elect;

Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.¹

¹ John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. He died in Scotland, in 1731, aged sixty-two. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot :

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the PRACTICE of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY :
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
Than successful
In *Accumulating* WEALTH ;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh, indignant Reader !
Think not his Life useless to Mankind !
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows, 21

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,

'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to luxury, extends to lust :

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful, too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend :

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid :

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betrayed.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave ;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,¹

Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH

In the sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
MORTALS.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.

Mr. Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity ; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others.—P. The same person who is introduced under the character of “wise Peter,” whose name was Walter, though sometimes called Waters.—*Bowles*. See ver. 123.

¹ This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.—P. Sir Christopher Musgrave, who had

From the cracked bag the dropping guinea
spoke,
And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the
crew,

“Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.”

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!

That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40
Gold impeded¹ by thee, can compass hardest
things,

Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;²

A single leaf shall waft an army o’er,

Or ship off senates to a distant shore;³

A leaf, like Sibyl’s, scatter to and fro 45

Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,

And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might
see,

Still, as of old, incumbered villany! 50

Could France or Rome divert our brave
designs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines?

What could they more than knights and squires
confound,

£12,000 from King William III. at different times.—
Burnet, quoted by Warburton.

¹ *To imp* is a term of falconry, meaning to graft a
wing with new feathers.

² In our author’s time, many princes had been sent
about the world, and great changes of kings projected
in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of
Spain; France had set up a king for England, who
was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus
was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of
Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.—P.

³ Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, an
patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that
more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished
to Pontoise in the year 1720.—P.

Or water all the quorum ¹ ten miles round ?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
 spoil ! 55

“ Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
 Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door :
 A hundred oxen at your levée roar.”

Poor Avarice one torment more would find ;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet ;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,²
 Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so
 mazed,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
 hogs,³ 65

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?
 His Grace will game : to White's a bull be led,⁴
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carried, as to ancient games,

¹ Intoxicate all the justices of the peace.—*Court-hope*.

² Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them, taking advantage of under-selling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another, seven thousand a year.—P. Worldly stands for Edward Wortley Montagu.

³ Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others: preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.—P.

⁴ White's Club-house, in St. James's-street. His Grace is the Duke of Bedford. See Satires of Dr. Donne, ii. 88.

Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio,¹ if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and made his lady weep ?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine ?²
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille !
 Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you ? B. Say ? Why, take it, gold
 and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire ?
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more ? P.

Meat, clothes, and fire. 80

Is this too little ? would you more than live ?

Alas ! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.³

Alas ! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last !⁴

What can they give ? to dying Hopkins,
 heirs ;⁵ 85

¹ Lord Bristol.—*Courthope*.

² Probably Lord Hervey.—*Croker*.

³ One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach because interest was reduced from five to four per cent., and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest ; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses.—P. Richard Turner, usually called "Plum Turner." He had been a Turkey merchant. His death took place on the 8th of February, 1733.—*Carruthers*.

⁴ A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the First Epistle.—P.

⁵ A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears? ¹
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
 With all the embroidery plastered at thy tail?
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to
 spend) 91
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife: ²
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat. ³

would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.—P.

¹ Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.—P.

² Narses, Lord Cadogan, who succeeded Marlborough as Commander-in-Chief. Harpax is the Earl of Selkirk, and Shylock, Wortley Montagu.—*Courthope*.

³ A famous Duchess of R. [Richmond] in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.—P. La Belle Stuart of the Comte de Grammont. The real truth was that she left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats: a delicate way of providing for poor and

To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier
fate,

To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their
part?

Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
heart :¹ 100

The grave Sir Gilbert² holds it for a rule

That every man in want is knave or fool :

“God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless
eyes)

The wretch he starves”—and piously denies :

But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,³ 105

probably proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality.—*Warton*.

¹ This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation ; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, “Damn the poor.” That “God hates the poor,” and, “That every man in want is knave or fool,” &c., were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.—P.

² Sir Gilbert Heathcote, M.P., a director of the Bank of England, and reckoned worth £700,000.—*Carruthers*.

³ In all the early editions this line ran :

“But Reverend Sutton, with a meeker air.”

The alteration was made at Warburton’s request. Sir Robert Sutton, according to Warburton, “was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous cheats, to

Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should
own, 111
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they
foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound. 116

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year ?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.¹

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?
Phryne foresees a general excise.² 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?
Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter³ sees the world's respect for
gold,

his great loss of fortune as well as reputation." Croker says he was intended for the Church, and took deacon's orders, which accounts for Pope calling him Reverend. See Satires of Dr. Donne, ii. 36.

¹ In the extravagance and luxury of the South-Sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.—P.

² Many people about the year 1733 had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.—P. The lady was Miss Skerrett, mistress of Sir Robert Walpole, whose Excise Bill of 1733 had to be abandoned owing to the violent opposition raised against it. Sappho in the next line is Lady M. W. Montagu.

³ Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer ; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :
Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.¹

The crown of Poland,² venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage ;
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130
Congenial souls ; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.

Much injured Blunt !³ why bears he Britain's
hate ?

A wizard told him in these words our fate :
" At length corruption, like a general flood, 135
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all ; and avarice creeping on,

free from all manner of luxury and ostentation : his wealth was never seen, and his bounty was never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.—P. See ver. 20, note.

¹ A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.—P.

² The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds ; the gentleman, with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady, on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.—P. The names of these two persons were Mr. Gage and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis.—*Warton*.

³ Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors.—P.

Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;
 Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
 Peeress and butler share alike the box, 140
 And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
 See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 And France revenged on Anne's and Edward's
 arms ! ”

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fired thy
 brain, 145

Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain :
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
 Senates degenerate, patriots disagree ;
 And, nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

“All this is madness,” cries a sober sage: 151
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?

“The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion conquers reason still.”
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim ; 156
 For though such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : “'Tis Heaven each
 passion sends,

And different men directs to different ends. 160
 Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
 Extremes in man concur to general use.”

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?
 That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Through reconciled extremes of drought and
 rain, 166

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives the eternal wheels to know their
 rounds.

Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;
 The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they
 burst. 176

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,¹
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :
 What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot ? 180
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses
 stored,
 With soups unbought and salads blessed his
 board ?²

If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
 Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before ;
 To cram the rich was prodigal expense, 185
 And who would take the poor from Providence ?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old
 hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
 No raftered roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noontide bell invites the country round : 190
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers
 survey,

And turn the unwilling steeds another way :
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,

¹ Spence said that Cotta and his heir were supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, who died 1711, and his nephew, who became First Lord of the Treasury, and died 1768. Courthope says that the character of Cotta the old miser was evidently founded on that of Sir John Cutler, the first possessor of Wimpole, afterwards the residence of the Duke of Newcastle.

² “ —dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.”—*Virg.*
 —P.

Curse the saved candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat. 196

Not so his son, he marked this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge
need,

But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughtered hecatombs, what floods of
wine,

Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup.
And zeal for that great House which eats him
up.

The woods recede around the naked seat, 209
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's
hope.

And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a
Pope.

And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at Court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value Riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence; 224
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;

Oh teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoiled by
wealth !

That secret rare, between the extremes to
move

Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weighed, be bounty
given,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven ; 230

(Whose measure full, o'erflows on human race ;)

Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused ;

As poison heals, in just proportion used :

In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235

But, well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles
eats ?

The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue
that cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon

Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ? 240

Whose table, wit or modest merit share,

Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player ?

Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,¹

To ease the oppressed, and raise the sinking
heart ?

Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,

And angels guard him in the golden mean ! 246

There English bounty yet awhile may stand,

And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords en-
gross ?

¹ Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died [1741] regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.—P.

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of
 Ross : ¹ 250
 Pleased Vaga ² echoes through her winding
 bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
 brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tossed, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady
 rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of
 state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans
 blessed,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and
 gives. 270
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,

¹ The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross, in Herefordshire.—P.

² The Latin name of the Wye.—*Ward*.

Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children
 clear,
 This man possessed—five hundred pounds a-
 year! 280

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, with-
 draw your blaze!

Ye little Stars, hide your diminished rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription,
 stone?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to
 fame, 285

Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born, and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;¹
 Enough, that Virtue filled the space between;
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living saved a candle's end;
 Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might
 own, 295

Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.²

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend

¹ The Parish Register.—P.

² The Poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples among the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.—P.

And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies,¹—alas ! how changed from
him, 305

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,²
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury, and love ;³
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimicked statesmen and their merry King.
No wit to flatter left of all his store ! 311

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler⁴ could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live
like me." 316

¹ This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.—P. He did not die in an inn, but at the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirkby-Moorside.—*Carruthers*.

² A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.—P.

³ The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel ; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses, in the habit of a page.—P.

⁴ Sir John Cutler, a loyalist at the time of the Commonwealth, created a baronet at the Restoration by Charles II.—*Carruthers*. See ver. 177, note.

As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
 That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blessed?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's power, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dower.
 A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned;
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
 Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend?
 What but a want, which you perhaps think
 mad, 331
 Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a
 name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds pre-
 pared? 335
 Or are they both, in this their own reward?
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tired—I'll tell a tale. B. Agreed.
 P. Where London's column, pointing at the
 skies¹

¹ The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.—P. The inscription was engraved on the monument in 1681, when the city was frightened from its propriety by Titus Oates and his plot: "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
“ Live like yourself,” was soon my Lady’s word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay, 361
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledged it to the knight, the knight had
wit,

So kept the diamond,¹ and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his
thought : 365

“ I’ll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
Where once I went to church, I’ll now go
twice ;

And am so clear too of all other vice.”

The Tempter saw his time ; the work he
plied ;

Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side, 370
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent. ;
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
And God’s good Providence, a lucky hit.

Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His counting-house employed the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church, (’twas such a busy life,) 381
But duly sent his family and wife.

¹ Pope was supposed to allude here to the Pitt diamond, a gem brought to this country by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, about 1700. Mr. Pitt purchased this celebrated diamond, which goes by his name, for £20,400, and sold it to the King of France for more than five times that sum. It was then reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, and weighed 127 carats.—*Carruthers*.

There (so the Devil ordained) one Christmas-tide

My good old lady caught a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight; 385

He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :

Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)

The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :

First, for his son a gay commission buys,

Who drinks, whores, fights, and, in a duel,
dies: 390

His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;

She bears a coronet, and p—x, for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,

And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.¹

My lady falls to play : so bad her chance, 395

He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;

The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;

The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,

His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown :

The Devil and the King divide the prize, 401

And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

¹ “—atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.”

Juv.—P.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.¹

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver. 65, &c., to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169 [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. II., and in the Epistle preceding, ver. 159, &c.]. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field

¹ Printed first in 1731, under the title of "False Taste."

for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c.; and finally, the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191 to the end.

'Tis strange, the Miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can
taste ?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ; 5
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
He buys for Topham ¹ drawings and designs,
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ; ²
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne ³ alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.⁴
Think we all these are for himself ? no more 11
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and
planted ?

¹ A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.—P.

² Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, collected the statues and medals at Wilton, the magnificent seat of the family.—*Carruthers*.

³ Thomas Hearne, the antiquary (died 1735).

⁴ Two eminent physicians ; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities ; both men of great learning and humanity.—P. Dr. Mead's books consisted of about 10,000 volumes, which, with his valuable collection of medals and paintings, were sold by auction after his death in 1754. Sir Hans Sloane's collection was fortunately preserved. He bequeathed his books, medals, objects of natural history, and manuscripts to the nation, on condition that the sum of £20,000 should be paid to his executors, being not a fifth of their value. The terms were agreed to ; the manuscripts of the Earl of Oxford (called the Harleian library) were added to the Sloane Museum, and thus the great British Museum was commenced. Sir Hans died in 1752.—*Carruthers*.

Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to
 waste ? 15

Some Demon whispered, "Visto! have a Taste."
 Heaven visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.¹
 See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
 Bids Bubo build,² and sends him such a guide :
 A standing sermon, at each year's expense, 21
 That never coxcomb reached magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not pro-
 fuse,³

And pompous buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating fools ; 26
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall
 take,

And of one beauty many blunders make ;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate ; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patched dog-hole, eked with ends of
 wall ;

Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front.

¹ This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art : and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works.—P. Ripley built Houghton for Sir R. Walpole (Sir Visto).

² Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe. By the will of an uncle, who died in 1720, he had to complete the great house at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, designed by Vanbrugh.

³ The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.—P. Andrea Palladio, the Italian Architect (died 1580).

Shall call the winds through long arcades to
 roar, 35

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
 Something there is more needful than Expense,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis
 Sense :

Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
 And, though no Science, fairly worth theseven :¹
 A light, which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.²

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all, let Nature never be forgot, 50
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
 Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds. 56

Consult the genius of the place in all :
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;
 Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ; 60
 Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from
 shades ;

¹ The Seven Sciences of the Schoolmen were grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy.

² Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect ; and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens in France.
 —P.

Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow Sense, of every art the soul, 65
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it
grow

A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.¹ 70

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a
lake :.

Or cut wide views through mountains to the
plain,² 75

You'll wish your hill or sheltered seat again.

Even in an ornament its place remark,

Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.³

Behold Villario's⁴ ten years' toil complete;

His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80

The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength
of light ;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,

¹ The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham, in Buckinghamshire.—P.

² This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £5,000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.—P.

³ Dr. S. Clarke's busto, placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duly frequented the Court.—P. Dr. Clarke was Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and Chaplain to Queen Caroline.

⁴ Lord Castlemaine.—*Dilke*.

Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills meandered o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more :
 Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased
 Sabinus strayed,
 Or sat delighted in the thickening shade, 90
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
 His son's fine Taste an opener vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;
 One boundless green, or flourished carpet views,¹
 With all the mournful family of yews :² 96
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
 At Timon's villa let us pass a day,³

¹ The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty : a boundless green, large and naked as a field, or a flourished carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.—P.

² Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of evergreens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.—P.

³ This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.—P. This was supposed to refer to the Duke of Chandos's seat of Canons, and Pope was loudly accused of ingratitude in satirising one from whom he was said to have received kindness and hospitality and even a present of £500. Pope however denied that he intended the Duke of Chandos by his satire, whom he said he "had never had the honour to see but twice." See Epistle III. note 1.

Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
away!" 100

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town, 105

His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:

Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!

The whole, a laboured quarry above ground, 110

Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind

Improves the keenness of the northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call,

On every side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115

No artful wildness to perplex the scene:

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.

The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,

Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120

With here a fountain, never to be played;

And there a summer-house, that knows no
shade:

Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;

There gladiators fight, or die, in flowers;¹

Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,

And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn. 126

My Lord advances with majestic mien,

Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:

But soft—by regular approach—not yet—

First through the length of yon hot terrace
sweat; 130

No happiness

¹ The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*.—P.

² The approaches and communication of house with

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged
your thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stored? ¹
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear, ²
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare, ³ 145
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre, ⁴
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.

garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged and inconvenient.—P.

¹ The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.—P.

² The false taste in music, improper to the subject, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.—P.

³ And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c., which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.—P.

⁴ Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c., at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle and other places.—P.

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.¹ 150

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :
The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,²
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?³ 155
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.

A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were
there.⁴ 160

Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the
King.

In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ; 166
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever passed so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry
fed ;⁵

¹ This is a fact ; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in a "place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."—P.

² Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c., are introduced in grottos or buffets.—P.

³ The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.—P.

⁴ See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.—P.

⁵ The moral of the whole, where Providence is

Health to himself, and to his infants bread, 170
 The labourer bears : what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned, 175
 And laughing Ceres reassume the land.¹

Who then shall grace, or who improve the
 soil ?

Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
 Boyle.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
 And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace, 181
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase :
 Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
 Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future buildings, future navies, grow :
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed ! make falling arts your
 care, 191

justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. II. ver. 230-7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 161, &c.—P.

¹ Had the Poet lived but three years longer, he had seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance.—*Warburton*. In the edition of 1751, the note ran thus : “Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen this prophecy fulfilled” : which so plainly pointed at what had happened at Canons, that it was altered as it here stands.—*Warton*. Canons was pulled down in 1747.

Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,¹
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :²
 Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,³
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands de-
 signed,) 196

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood con-
 tain.

The mole projected break the roaring main ; 200
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land ;
These honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

¹ See notes on lines 23 and 46.

² M. Vitruvius Pollio, author of a celebrated treatise, *De Architecturâ*. He flourished in the reign of Augustus.

³ The poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of magnificence and expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2 :

“Shall half the new-built churches round thee
fall”);

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c.—P.



EPISTLES





EPISTLES.

TO MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.¹

SEE the wild waste of all devouring
years !
How Rome her own sad sepulchre
appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanished like their dead !
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled, 5
Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr
toiled :
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drained a distant country of her floods :²

¹ This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals ; it was some time before he was Secretary of State ; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works ; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz., in 1720. —P. (1735). Addison died in 1719, Craggs in 1720 ; and Tickell's edition of Addison was not published till 1721. Pope's note was no doubt inserted in order that it might appear that he wrote this epistle before, and not after, the death of Addison.

² The woods were unpeopled to provide beasts for

Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ! 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame, 15
 Some buried marble half preserves a name ;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes
 pursue,

And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sighed : she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust :
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretched from
 shore to shore, 21

Their ruins perished, and their place no more !
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps.

Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or
 Rhine ;

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and
 name :

In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
 With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
 The inscription value, but the rust adore.
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,

the Roman spectacles. By draining "a distant country of her floods," he must mean the water brought from a distance to flood the Colosseum for the purpose of mimic naval combats.—*Courthope*.

The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes ;
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was
 scoured :¹

And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine: 45
 Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories
 shine ;


Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
 These pleased the fathers of poetic rage : 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her
 claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
 In living medals see her wars enrolled, 55
 And vanquished realms supply recording gold ?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
 There, warriors frowning in historic brass :
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ; 60
 Or in fair series laurelled bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him
 mine)

¹ See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. iii. : " The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her own andirons." Dr. Woodward, the eminent physician and naturalist, is the Vadius aimed at in this satire. Woodward wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield which he possessed.—*Carruthers*.

On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
 With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 "Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul
 sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,
 Who gained no title, and who lost no friend; 70
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
 And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved." ¹

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND
 EARL MORTIMER.²

UCH were the notes thy once-loved
 Poet sung,
 Till Death untimely stopped his
 tuneful tongue.

Oh just beheld and lost! admired and mourned!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned!
 Blest in each science, blest in every strain! 5
 Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
 For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
 Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleased to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,

¹ See epitaph on Craggs among Pope's epitaphs.

² This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our Author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.—P.

(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear ;)
 Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome
 days, 15

Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
 Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
 Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine :
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death. 26

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made ;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all the obliged desert, and all the vain ;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now, she shades thy evening walk with
 bays, 35

(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) ;
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day ;
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can
 see,
 Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he. 40

TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.¹

SOUL as full of worth, as void of
 pride,
 Which nothing seeks to show, or
 needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion
 flows.

A face untaught to feign ; a judging eye, 5
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
 All this thou wert, and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee
 more.

Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these Virtues raise ;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Ashamed of any friend, not even of Me : 15
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue ;
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

¹ In the year 1720.—P.

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S
ART OF PAINTING.¹



HIS verse be thine, my friend, nor
thou refuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful
Muse.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at every line ;
Or blend in beauteous tints the coloured mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face : 6
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art and Dryden's native fire :
And reading wish like theirs our fate and fame,
So mixed our studies, and so joined our name ;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage. 12

Smit with the love of Sister Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and
light. 16

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away !
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,

¹ This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.—P.

The poet is seldom correct in dates. This epistle was advertised as published by Lintot, July 17, 1716. Jervas studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller, and afterwards visited Italy. Steele, in the *Tatler*, April 18, 1709, praises him as "the last great painter Italy has sent us." He was a fashionable portrait-painter in the reign of George I. and George II. He died in 1739.—*Carruthers*.

While images reflect from art to art ; 20
 How oft review ; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to com-
 mend !

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fired with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade : 30

While Fancy brings the banished piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome anew.

Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye ;
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh :
 Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's
 air,

Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finished with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polished gem, the work of
 years ! ¹ 40

Yet still how faint by precept is expressed
 The living image in the painter's breast !
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow :
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that Name thy sacred sorrows
 shed, 47

Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead :
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,

¹ Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.—P.

Each purer frame informed with purer fire : 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint
 engage ; 55

Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes ; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles be-
 stow,

And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.¹

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay ;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not con-
 strains ;

And finished more through happiness than
 pains.


The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,

¹ The ladies intended were the four daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough ; Anne, Countess of Sunderland ; Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater ; Mary, Duchess of Montagu ; Frances, Lady Worsley, the mother of Lady Carteret, and the wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., of Appuldercombe, in the Isle of Wight ; and Arabella Fermor, heroine of the Rape of the Lock.—*Warton*. The name Worsley was originally Wortley, but was changed after Pope's quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—*Carruthers*.

And breathe an air divine on every face ;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their
 soul ;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
 And these be sung till Granville's Mira die :¹
 Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

TO MISS BLOUNT,²

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.³

N these gay thoughts the Loves and
 Graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in every line ;
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
 Who without flattery pleased the fair and great
 Still with esteem no less conversed than read ;
 With wit well-natured, and with books well-
 bred ;
 His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10

¹ See Windsor Forest, v. 298, note.

² First published in Lintot's Miscellany for 1712, and entitled "To a Young Lady, with the works of Voiture." The name of Miss Blount was not added till 1739.

³ "Voiture (1598-1648) is chiefly known by his letters. Though much too laboured and affected, they are evidently the original type of the French Epistolary School, including those in England who have formed themselves upon it. Pope very frequently imitated Voiture."—*Hallam*.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle, Life, away ;
Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath sup-
pressed,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
And the gay mourned who never mourned
before ;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's
death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy ;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and
place :
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please, 29
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex is by their forms con-
fined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind ;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your
guide ;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ; 35
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by
shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place :
Well might you wish for change by those
accursed,

But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains :
 Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
 Ah, quit not the free innocence of life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife ;
 Nor let false shows nor empty titles please :
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders
 mares, 50
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing !
 Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward
 part ; 55
 She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and
 you
 Are destined Hymen's willing victim too :
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those, age or sickness soon or late disarms : 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the
 past ;
 Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn ;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care¹ still shone the
 same,

¹ Mademoiselle Paulet.—P.

And Montausier¹ was only changed in name ;
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they
 charm, 71
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still
 warm.

Now crowned with myrtle, on the Elysian
 coast,
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost :
 Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you
 view, 75

And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
 The brightest eyes of France inspired his
 Muse ;

The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse ;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world
 beside. 80

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE
 CORONATION.²



S some fond virgin, whom her
 mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome
 country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :

¹ Madame de Rambouillet, to whom many of
 Voiture's letters were addressed, afterwards married
 the Duke of Montausier.

² Of King George I., 1715.—P. [1714.]

Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew ;¹
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
 Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
 She sighed not that they stayed, but that she
 went. 10

She went to plain-work, and to purling
 brooks,
 Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking
 rooks :
 She went from Opera, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To morning walks, and prayers three hours a
 day ;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at
 noon ;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire ; 20
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to
 Heaven.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to
 rack ;
 Whose game is whisk,² whose treat a toast in
 sack ;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No
 words !
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the
 stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a
 table ;

¹ The assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded many years with a Mr. Moore, under the assumed name of Alexis.—*Bowles*.

² Whist.

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse,

And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid, 31

You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;

In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,

See coronations rise on every green ;

Before you pass the imaginary sights 35

Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and gartered

knights,

While the spread fan o'ershades your closing
eyes ;

Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls, 39

And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with head-aches, or the want of
rhyme,)

Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,

And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,

Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,¹ 46

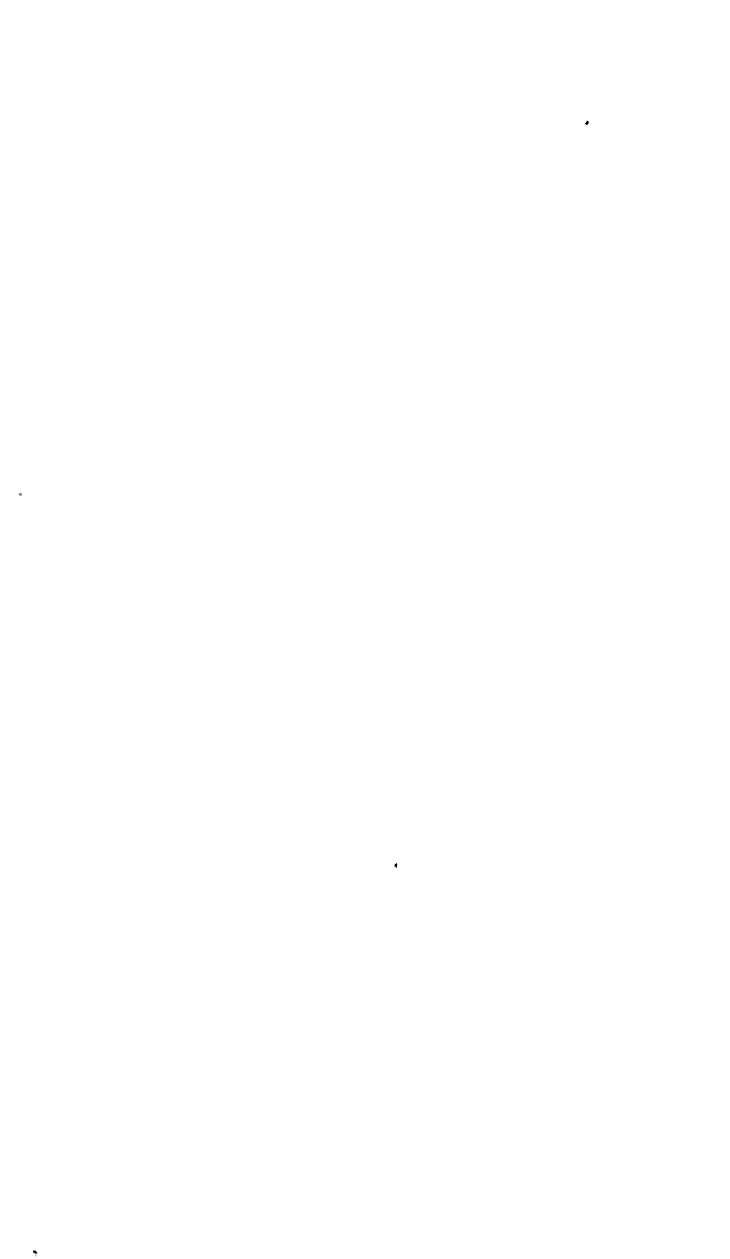
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,

Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my
sight ;

Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,

Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now. 50

¹ In the first edit. it is "the blush of Parthenissa," which was the fanciful designation of Martha Blount in the correspondence of the sisters with James Moore.—*Carruthers*.





EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT,
BEING THE
PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*,¹ and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court* ²) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and, if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.—P.

¹ Written by Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

² By Lord Hervey.



. EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT;¹

OR,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P.



HUT, shut the door, good John! ²
fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm
dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the
barge. 10

No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:

¹ Dr. John Arbuthnot, Physician in Ordinary to Queen Anne, born 1675, died 1735. This Epistle was published the month before his death.

² John Searle, his old and faithful servant, remembered in his will.—*Warton*.

Then from the Mint¹ walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer, 15

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls? 20

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,²

Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:

Poor Cornus³ sees his frantic wife elope, 25

And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,

The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped, 31

If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face. 36

I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head;

¹ The Mint in Southwark consisted of several streets and alleys, and was a sanctuary for debtors.

² Arthur Moore, father of the James Moore-Smythe. See *Dunciad*, ii. 50.

³ Said by Horace Walpole to be Lord Walpole.

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel,—“Keep your piece nine
years.” 40

“Nine years!” cries he, who, high in Drury-
lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term
ends,

Obliged by hunger and request of friends :

“The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take
it, 45
I’m all submission; what you’d have it, make
it.”

Three things another’s modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon¹ sends to me: “You know his
Grace,

I want a patron; ask him for a place.” 50

Pitholeon libelled me—“but here’s a letter
Informs you, sir, ’twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He’ll write a journal, or he’ll turn divine.”

Bless me! a packet.² “’Tis a stranger sues, 55
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.”

If I dislike it, “Furies, death and rage!”

If I approve, “Commend it to the stage.”

There (thank my stars) my whole commission
ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends; 60

¹ The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10, l. i.—P.

² Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called *The Assembly*.—*Warton*.

Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll
print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with
Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too
much :

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks : 65

And last he whispers, "Do ; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door :

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70

His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his Queen) was forced to speak or
burst : ¹

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous
things, 75

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings :

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick ;

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing ? if they bite and
kick ?

Out with it, DUNCIAD ! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass : 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should we
lie ?)

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? Take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus ! round thee
break, 85

Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack :

¹ The story is told by some of his barber, but by
Chaucer of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in
Dryden's Fables.—P.

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb
 through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain, 91
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines !

Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer, 95
 Lost the arched eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer ?
 And has not Colley still his lord, and whore ?
 His butchers Henley,¹ his free-masons Moore ?²
 Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit ?³ 100
 Still Sappho⁴—A. Hold ! for God's sake—you'll
 offend :

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
 But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse
 than all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

¹ Orator Henley. See *Dunciad*, iii. 199. "His oratory was among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row."—*Bowles*.

² James Moore-Smythe was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.—*Warburton*.

³ Bishop Boulter, Primate of Ireland, was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron.—*Bowles*.

⁴ Lady M. W. Montagu. See *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. i. 83.

This prints my letters,¹ that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their
court: 115

I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am
short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,²
Such Ovid's nose,—and, "Sir! you have an
eye."

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me. 120

Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"

And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink? my parents', or my own? 126

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. \

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed: 130

The Muse but served to ease some friend, not
wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the
polite,³ 135

And knowing Walsh,⁴ would tell me I could
write;

Well-natured Garth⁵ inflamed with early praise,

¹ Curll printed Pope's Letters to Cromwell surreptitiously in 1726.

² Alexander the Great. See Essay on Man, i. 160.

³ See Pastorals, i. 46.

⁴ See Pastorals, i. first note.

⁵ See Pastorals, ii. 9.

And Congreve¹ loved, and Swift endured my
lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,²
Ev'n mitred Rochester³ would nod the head, 140
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends
before)

With open arms received one poet more.⁴

Happy my studies, when by these approved!

Happier their author, when by these beloved!

From these the world will judge of men and
books,

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes,⁵

Soft were my numbers; who could take
offence

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,

¹ William Congreve, born 1669, died 1729.

² See Epilogue to Satires, Dial. ii. 77, 79; and Essay on Criticism, v. 723.

³ Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, born 1662, died 1732.

⁴ All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled Dryden's Satire to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant. These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces; persons, with whom he was conversant (and, he adds, beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following:

"While pure description held the place of sense,"
&c.—P.

⁵ Authors of secret and scandalous history.—P. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, Author of the "History of My Own Times," born 1643, died 1715. For Cooke and Oldmixon, see Dunciad, ii. 138, 282.

A painted mistress, or a purling stream.¹ 150
 Yet then did Gildon² draw his venal quill;
 I wished the man a dinner, and sat still:
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answered—I was not in debt.

If want provoked, or madness made them print,
 I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint. 156

Did some more sober critic come abroad—
 If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tib-
 balds :³

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and
 spells, 165

Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Even such small critics, some regard may claim,
 Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.⁴

Pretty ! in amber to preserve the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
 worms ! 170

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry—I excused them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify, for who can guess ?

¹ "A painted meadow, or a purling stream," is a verse of Mr. Addison's.—P.

² See Dunciad, i. 296.

³ Dr. Richard Bentley, see Dunciad, i. 108, and iv. 201, and Lewis Theobald.

The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,¹ 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines

a year ;

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense
 leaning, 185

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :

All these, my modest Satire bade translate,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.²
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
 chafe ! 191

And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose
 fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blessed with each talent, and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with
 ease : 196

Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise,³ assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;

¹ Ambrose Philips translated a book called the Persian Tales.—P.

² Nahum Tate, born 1652, died 1715. He wrote a continuation of Absalom and Achitophel, and in conjunction with Brady translated the Psalms. He was made Poet Laureate in 1692.

³ From Wycherley's Prologue to the Plain Dealer :

“And with faint praises one another damn.”—

Courthope.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend, 205
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? ¹

What though my name stood rubric on the
 walls, ² 215

Or plastered posts, with claps, in capitals ?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ? ³
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their
 sight : 220

Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
 No more than thou, great George ! a birthday
 song.

I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;

¹ It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death : which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the Dunciad. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory ; and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the edition of his works.—P. For an account of the quarrel between Pope and Addison, see The Memoir, p. xvii.

² See Dunciad, i. 40.

³ Hopkins in the 104th Psalm.—P.

Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and
cried,

With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo puffed by every quill ;¹
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead 235
And a true Pindar stood without a head)²
Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a
place :

Much they extolled his pictures, much his
seat,

And flattered every day, and some days eat : 240
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with
praise,

To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye :
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.³

May some choice patron bless each grey
goose quill !

May every Bavius have his Bufo still ! 250
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,

¹ Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax.

² Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide Fulv. Ursin, &c.—P.

³ Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.—P.

Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 Blessed be the great ! for those they take

away, 255

And those they left me—for they left me GAY ;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and QUEENSBERRY weeping o'er thy
 urn ! ¹ 260

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !

(To live and die is all I have to do :)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books
 I please :

Above a patron, though I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs :
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I asked what next shall see the
 light ?

Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?

"I found him close with Swift—Indeed ? no
 doubt 275

(Cries prating Balbus) ² something will come
 out."

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will :

"No, such a genius never can lie still ;"

¹ The Duchess of Queensberry was the patroness and great friend of Gay, who died in her house.

² Lord Kinnoul. See Imitations of Horace, Book I., Ep. vi. 121.

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will¹ or Bubo makes.² 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
 When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out; 290
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at Canons what was never there;³ 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble⁴—A. What? that thing
 of silk, 305

¹ Sir William Yonge, Secretary-at-War.

² Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.
 See Moral Essays, Ep. iv. 20.

³ Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in those circumstances, ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.—P. See verse 375 below, and Moral Essays, iv. 98, 141, 150.

⁴ It was originally *Paris*, but that name having

And he himself one vile antithesis. 325
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart ;
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest. 331
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
 trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the
 dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways :
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
 That not in Fancy's maze he wandered
 long, 340
 But stooped to Truth, and moralised his song :
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the
 mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;¹
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,² 350

¹ Referring to a pamphlet entitled "A Pop upon Pope," ascribed to Lady M. W. Montagu, giving an account of an imaginary whipping "committed on the body of Sawney Pope, a Poet, as he was innocently walking in Ham Walks."

² As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c., which, though publicly disproved, were, never-

The imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;¹
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
 The libelled person, and the pictured shape ;
 Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,²
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue ! all the past :
 For thee, fair Virtue ! welcome e'en the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the
 great ? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state ;
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,³
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post⁴ corrupt, or of the shire ; 365
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :⁵

theless, shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even
 in that called the Nobleman's Epistle.—P.

¹ Such as profane psalms, Court-poems, and other
 scandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and
 others.—*Warburton*.

² Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl
 of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke,
 Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr.
 Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse,
 aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G.
 Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure
 persons.—P.

³ Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger. See
 Moral Essays, Ep. iii. 86.

⁴ *Knight of the Post*. One who gained his living
 by giving false evidence.—*Nares*.

⁵ Pope wrote a Prologue for Dennis's benefit in
 1733. See Miscellaneous Poems.

So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for
Moore.

Full ten years slandered, did he once reply ?¹
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's
lie ;² 375

To please a mistress one aspersed his life ;
He lashed him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,³
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will ;⁴
Let the two Curlls of town and court,⁵ abuse 380
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.⁶

¹ It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.—P.

² This man had the impudence to tell, in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos ; with whom, it was added, that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds—the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, further than the subscriptions for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.—P. See *Dunciad*, ii. 207.

³ Budgell, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the *Grub-street Journal* ; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.—P. See *Dunciad*, ii. 397. Pope certainly contributed to the *Grub-street Journal*.

⁴ Alluding to Tindal's will, by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.—P. Budgell was accused of forging the will of Dr. Matthew Tindal, and committed suicide in 1737.

⁵ Curll, the bookseller, and Lord Hervey.

⁶ In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr.

Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore !
 Unspotted names, and memorable long ! 386
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray ?
 —P. Their own, 390

Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay, a bankrupt. But, what is tr anger, a nobleman (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity : and the following line :

“ Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,”

had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain Verses to the Imitator of Horace. Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles ; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged seventy-five ; she in 1733, aged ninety-three, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex :

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.—P.

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.¹
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,²
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walked innoxious through his
 age. 395

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath,³ nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle
 art,

No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
 His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
 than I. 405

O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of
 death.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
 friend, 415

¹ Mr. Croker suspected that old Horace Walpole was meant by Bestia.—*Courthope*.

² Alluding to Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick, and Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard.—*Carruthers*.

³ He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope.—*Bowles*.

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.¹
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

¹ An honest compliment to his friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite physician of Queen Anne.—*Warburton.* /





SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF
HORACE IMITATED.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person ; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State : neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller ; whereas, to a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.—P.



SATIRE I.¹

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P.

HERE are (I scarce can think it, but
am told)
There are, to whom my satire seems
too bold :

Scarce to wise Peter² complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say, 5
Lord Fanny³ spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to Counsel learned in the law :
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice ; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write ? but then I think,
And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink :
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

¹ "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated," was published in 1733. William Fortescue was a barrister, afterwards made Baron of the Exchequer and Master of the Rolls. He died in 1749.

² See Moral Essays, iii. 123, and for Chartres, the same Epistle, v. 20.

³ Lord Hervey.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your
life. 15

Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *Probatum est*.
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your
eyes. 20

Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.

P. What! like Sir Richard,¹ rumbling, rough,
and fierce,
With ARMS and GEORGE and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, (and
thunder? 26

Or, nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?²

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,³
And sweetly flow through all the Royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a
year;

And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,— 35
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,

¹ Sir Richard Blackmore.

² The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenarde, when the Pretender and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him.—*Warburton*. For Budgell, see Prol. to *Satires*, v. 378.

³ Queen Caroline and the Princess Amelia.

And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter ?
E'en those you touch not, hate you. 41

P. What should ail them ?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :¹
The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.²

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny
Scarsdale³ his bottle, Darty his ham-pie ;⁴ 46
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;
F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his
brother,⁵

Like, in all else, as one egg to another. 50
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen,⁶ or as old Montaigne :
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
Publish the present age ; but, where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.

¹ See Moral Essays, iv. 99, and iii. 342.

² See Moral Essays, iii. 91, 100.

³ Lord Scarsdale.

⁴ Charles Dartineuf, Paymaster of the Board of Works. He was a noted epicure.

⁵ The F—— who loved the senate, was most likely the celebrated Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and father of the more celebrated Charles James Fox. His brother, Stephen Fox, was raised to the Peerage in 1741, as Lord Ilchester.—*Carruthers*. Hockley-in-the-Hole was a place near Clerkenwell Green, kept for bear-baiting and boxing ; see Dunciad, i. 222.

⁶ William Shippen, a staunch Jacobite, sent to the Tower in 1718.

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you
will,¹

Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:²
But touch me, and no minister so sore. 76
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,³
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page,⁴
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P—xed by her love, or libelled by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

¹ Lord Bathurst used to call Prior his verseman, and Lewis his proseman. Spence's Anecd. (London, 1820, p. 159) quoted by Courthope. See "Lines to Lord Bathurst" among Miscellaneous Poems.

² Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France under Louis XV., born in 1653, died in 1743.

³ Lady Deloraine, alluding to a current story that she had poisoned a Miss Mackenzie through jealousy.

⁴ Sir Francis Page. See Dunciad, iv. 30.

Then, learned sir ! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court ;
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be displayed, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade ;
 Whether the darkened room to muse invite,
 Or whitened wall provoke the skewer to write :
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee ¹ or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man ! your days can ne'er be
 long, 101

In flower of age you perish for a song !
 Plums and directors, Shylock ² and his wife,
 Will club their testers, now, to take your life !

P. What ! armed for Virtue, when I point
 the pen, 105
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ;
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car ;
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star ;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or guardians of the
 laws ? 110

Could pensioned Boileau lash, in honest strain,
 Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign ?
 Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar ³ engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave, 115
 Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave ?
 I will, or perish in the generous cause.
 Hear this and tremble ! you, who 'scape the
 laws :

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave

¹ Nathaniel Lee (1655-1692), the dramatist, was for four years an inmate of Bedlam.

² Wortley Montagu, see *Moral Essays*, iii. 94.

³ Father Dominic in the *Spanish Friar*.

Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
 To VIRTUE ONLY, AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND :
 The world beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 There my retreat the best companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul :
 And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian
 lines,

Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my
 vines, 130

Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.¹

Envy must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er re-
 peats, 135

Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;
 To help who want, to forward who excel ;—
 This, all who know me, know : who love me,
 tell :

And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me. 140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

What saith my Counsel, learned in the laws ?

F. Your plea is good ; but still I say, beware !

Laws are explained by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hanged for very honest rhymes ;

Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,

¹ Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, in the year 1705, took Barcelona, and, in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.
 —P.

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and Satires ! lawless things indeed !
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light, 151
Such as a king might read, a bishop write ;
Such as Sir Robert would approve——

F. Indeed !


The case is altered—you may then proceed ;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hissed, 155
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismissed.





THE SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.¹

TO MR. BETHEL.


 HAT, and how great, the virtue and
 the art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart ;
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of
 mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from sound philosophy aside ;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in
schools, 9
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

Go, work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine locked up, your butler strolled abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unfrozen),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen ;

¹ Published in 1734. Hugh Bethel was a Yorkshire gentleman of property. See *Essay on Man*, iv. 126.

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat,)
 Yet for small turbot such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,¹ 25
 Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbe-
 cued!"²

Oh, blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
 Thus much is left of old simplicity! 36
 The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
 Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;³
 Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies a mean;

¹ This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of £1,500 a year in the simple luxury of good eating.—*Warburton*.

² A West-Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.—P.

³ A famous eating-house.—P.

Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid,
clean.

Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch),¹ 50
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drowned),
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear :
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop im-
part, 59

But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that ;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass, 65
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can
bring :
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I
sing :)

First health : the stomach (crammed from every
dish, 69

A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war,)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast ! 76

¹ Avidien was Edward Wortley Montagu ; his wife, the never-forgotten and never-forgiven Lady Mary.—*Carruthers*.

What life in all that ample body, say ?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay ?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines. 80

On morning wings how active springs the
mind

That leaves the load of yesterday behind !

How easy every labour it pursues !

How coming to the poet every Muse !

Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85

Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;

And more the sickness of long life, old age :

For fainting age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemperate youth the vessel drains ? 90

Our fathers praised rank venison. You sup-
pose,

Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.

Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;

More pleased to keep it till their friends could
come, 95

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in those good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,

That sweetest music to an honest ear ; 100

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,

The world's good word is better than a song,)

Who has not learned fresh sturgeon and ham-
pie

Are no rewards for want and infamy !

When luxury has licked up all thy pelf, 105

Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name ;

And buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well. 110
 "Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in
 need

To have a taste is insolence indeed :
 In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away. 116
 Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How darest thou let one worthy man be poor ?
 Shall half the new-built churches round thee
 fall ?

Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent, 121
 As M * * o's was, but not at five per cent.¹

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her
 mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125
 That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity ;
 Or, blessed with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his
 thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130
 His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And, as I love, would imitate the man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
 The lord of thousands, than if now excised ;²
 In forest planted by a father's hand,³ 135

¹ The Duchess of Marlborough.

² See Moral Essays, iii. 117, 120. Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between £20,000 and £30,000 when it fell.—*Warburton*.

³ Pope's father bought twenty acres of land in Windsor Forest. He sold them in 1716.

Than in five acres now of rented land.¹
 Content with little, I can piddle here,
 On brocoli and mutton, round the year ;
 But ancient friends (though poor, or out of
 play),

That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140

'Tis true, no turbot's dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames
 affords :

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
 own :

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall; 145

And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join ;

The devil is in you if you cannot dine :

Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
 place),

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :

Though double taxed, how little have I lost !²

My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.³

My lands are sold ; my father's house is gone ;

I'll hire another's ; is not that my own, 156

And yours, my friends ? through whose free
 opening gate

None comes too early, none departs too late ;

(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).⁴ 160

¹ At Twickenham.

² Roman Catholics and Nonjurors had at that time to pay additional taxes.—*Carruthers*.

³ The standing army was established in 1689, the year after Pope's birth.

⁴ In Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, xv. 74, the line runs :

“Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.”

“ Pray Heaven it last ! (cries Swift !) as you
go on ;

I wish to God this house had been your own :

Pity ! to build without a son or wife ;

Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.”

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ? ¹

What's property ? dear Swift ! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170

Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)

The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year :

At best, it falls to some ungracious son,

Who cries, “ My father's damned, and all's my
own.”

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175

Become the portion of a booby lord ; ²

And Helmsley, once ³ proud Buckingham's
delight,

Slides to a scrivener or a city knight :

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,

Let us be fixed, and our own masters still. 180

¹ Mrs. Vernon, Pope's landlady.

² William, first Viscount Grimston, then owner of Gorhambury, the seat of Lord Bacon, near St. Albans.

³ Helmsley, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1709, who changed its name to Duncombe Park.—*Carruthers*.



THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.¹

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulged my
labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound
my last!

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age! 5
See, modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;²
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's
cause. 10

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(’Tis Reason’s voice, which sometimes one can
hear)

“Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
breath,

¹ Written in 1738. Lord Bolingbroke (see *Essay on Man*, Ep. i.) was at this time in France.

² He is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough’s lawn at Bevismount, near Southampton. — *Warton*.

And never gallop Pegasus to death ;
 Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
 horse." ¹

Farewell, then, verse, and love, and every
 toy,

The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
 What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care, for this is all : 20
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
 What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what doctors I apply ?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I :
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock : 25
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with
 Locke ;

Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
 Free as young Lyttelton,² her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue, and as warm as true ; 30
 Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,³
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all ;
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
 Long as the night to her whose love's away, 36

¹ The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described : stiff and not strong : stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor : and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus.—P.

² George, first Lord Lyttelton. He wrote *Poems*, *Dialogues of the Dead*, a *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, &c.

³ *Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.*—P.

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one ;
So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul ; 40
That keep me from myself ; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day :
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise :
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ;
And which not done, the richest must be poor. 46

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite ; 50
I'll do what Mead¹ and Cheselden² advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love ?
Know, there are words, and spells, which can
control

Between the fits this fever of the soul :
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh
applied,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor : 65
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.

¹ See Moral Essays, iv. 10.

² Dr. Cheselden, a celebrated surgeon, and friend of Pope.

To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scared at the spectre of pale poverty ! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the
 pole !

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend ?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires ?
 Here, Wisdom calls : " Seek Virtue first, be
 bold !

As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
 There, London's voice : " Get money, money
 still !

And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preached to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul !¹
 From him whose quills stand quivered at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks² at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds ;³
 " Pray, then, what wants he ? " Fourscore
 thousand pounds ; 86

A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.⁴
 Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth ;
 But Bug and D*1, their honours, and so forth. 90

Yet every child another song will sing,
 " Virtue, brave boys ! 'tis virtue makes a king."

¹ *Low Church* opinions were prevalent at the Court at St. James's, while *High Church* doctrines were preached at St. Paul's.

² Exchequer tallies.—*Warburton*.

³ Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor of London.

⁴ It cannot now be discovered to whom these names belong—so soon does satire become unintelligible.—*Warton*. Croker, however, thought that Bug stood for the Duke of Kent, K.G., and Dorimant and D*1 for the Earl of Deloraine. See Courthope.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
 He's armed without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
 Compared to this a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers? 100
 Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but
 great,

With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
 Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;
 If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
 For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,¹
 And foremost in the circle eye a king. 106
 Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness
 through:

And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
 If such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble
 stare;

If honest S*z² take scandal at a spark,
 That less admires the palace than the park:
 Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
 "I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave: 115
 Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."

¹ Referring to the Italian Opera, which was in full vogue at this time.

² Augustus Schutz, "the elder of two sons of Baron Schutz, a German, who came over with George I., and settled his family in England. Augustus had been Equerry to George II., when Prince, and became Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to the king, with whom he was in great personal favour."—*Note by Croker to Lord Hervey's Memoirs, quoted by Caruthers.*

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave :
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
The people are a many-headed beast :
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do ?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be
sold : 125

Their country's wealth our mightier misers
drain,¹

Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main ;
The rest, some farm the poor-box,³ some the
pews ;

Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews ;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards
fawn ; 130

Somewin rich widows by their chine and brawn ;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone : 135
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sailed forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich-
hill !"

Up starts a palace, lo, the obedient base 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they
mean,

¹ The undertakers for advancing loans to the public on the Funds.—*Warburton*.

² Alluding probably to the "Charitable Corporation."—*Bowles*. See *Moral Essays*, iii. 100, note.

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen ;
“ Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down, 146
For snug’s the word : My dear ! we’ll live in
town.”

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown ?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a
quarter, 150

For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich ?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same
itch ;

They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japper to their shoes. 156
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and
run

(They know not whither) in a chaise and one ;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a
lord. 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !¹
But, when no prelate’s lawn with hair-shirt
lined 165

Is half so incoherent as my mind ;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
Turn round to square, and square again to
round ; 170

You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,

¹ See Moral Essays, ii. 24.



THE SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.¹

TO MR. MURRAY.

NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep
them so.”
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no
flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech).²
This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend, whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his
skies ;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear. 10
Admire we then what earth’s low entrails
hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;

¹ Published in 1737. William Murray was born in 1705, was appointed Chief Justice of the King’s Bench under the title of Lord Mansfield in 1756, and died in 1793.

² From whose translation of Horace the first two lines are taken.—P.

All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?
Or popularity ? or stars and strings ?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ? 15
Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze ?

If weak the pleasure that from these can
spring,

The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire :
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man
away : 25

For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;
Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes :
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice, 34
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice ;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife ? 39
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line ; 44
It brightened Craggs's, and may darken thine :
And what is fame ? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
 So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords :
 Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie ;
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde !¹

Racked with sciatics, martyred with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone ? 55

See Ward by battered beaux invited over,
 And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.²

The case is easier in the mind's disease :
 There all men may be cured, whene'er they
 please.

Would ye be blest ? despise low joys, low gains ;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains ;³ 61
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,⁴
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
 stones ?

Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,

¹ Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the historian. This couplet, slightly altered, forms the commencement of Lord Mansfield's Epitaph on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

² Ward and Dover were quack doctors.

³ Lord Cornbury, afterwards Lord Hyde, was the only son of the last Earl of Clarendon, and brother of the Duchess of Queensberry. He died in 1753. "On Lord Hyde's return from his travels, his brother-in-law said he had got a pension for him. He replied, 'How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold, or at least, how came you to know my price so exactly ?'"—*Spence*.

⁴ Dr. Matthew Tindal (born 1657, died 1733), author of "The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted against the Romish," "Christianity as Old as the Creation," &c.

Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to
 pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold, 71
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square. 76
For, mark the advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubbed a man of worth, 81
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.¹
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse).
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Asked for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds; 86
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves:
Something, which for your honour they may
 cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget. 94
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord
To do the honours, and to give the word; 100

• ¹ Anstis, the Garter King at Arms.

Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair: 105
 That makes three members, this can choose a
 mayor."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt his son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat, 110
 If to live well means nothing but to eat ;
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey ;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel¹ did, but could not eat at night, 115
 Called, happy dog ! the beggar at his door,
 And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,
 Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our
 round,

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120
 K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,²
 From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return well travelled, and transformed to beasts ;
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 124
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name ?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,³
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely, " Vive la Bagatelle ! "

¹ This was a Lord Russel who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoilt his constitution.—P. (in Spence's Anecdotes).

² Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality.—*Carruthers*.

³ Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. The allusion is to a line in his " Letter from Artemisia in Town to Chloe in the Country."—*Carruthers*.

The man that loves and laughs, must sure do
well.

Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 130
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first :
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.





THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.¹

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an Absolute Empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the

¹ Published in 1737.

theatre; and lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great Prince by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.—P.

TO AUGUSTUS.¹

WHILE you, great patron of mankind!
 sustain
 The balanced world, and open all
 the main;²
 Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
 How shall the Muse, from such a monarch,
 steal
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
 Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,

¹ George II.'s name was George Augustus.

² It should be remembered that irony is the leading feature of this epistle. It was written at a time when the Spanish depredations at sea were such that there was a universal cry that the British flag had been insulted and the English braved on their own element. "Opening all the main" means, therefore, that the King was so liberal as to leave it open to the Spaniards.—*Bowles*.

And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
 After a life of generous toils endured,
 The Gaul subdued, or property secured, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed,
 Or laws established, and the world reformed;
 Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
 The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 Finds envy never conquered, but by death.
 The great Alcides, every labour passed,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
 Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
 As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confessed
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow
 old; 35

It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:¹
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;

¹ Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII., a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.—P.

A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the
Green : ¹ 40

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.²

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?
In every public virtue we excel ; 45
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as
well ;

And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine ? 50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize ?

" Who lasts a century can have no flaw, 55
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
And shall we deem him ancient, right and
sound,

Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce ? 60

" We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
By courtesy of England, he may do."

Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail
bare,

I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair, 64
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow :
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,³

¹ A ballad made by a king of Scotland.—P.
[James I.]

² The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his
poetical club.—P.

³ Stowe lived from 1525 to 1605. His "Annales or
General Chronicle of England" was published in
1580.

And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespear (whom you and every play-house
bill ¹

Style the divine, the matchless, what you
will), 70

For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

Ben, old and poor, as little seemed to heed
The life to come, in every poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? ² if he pleases yet, 75
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit ;

Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art, ³

But still I love the language of his heart.

“Yet surely, surely, these were famous
men!

What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80

In all debates where critics bear a part,

Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit ;

How Beaumont's judgment checked what
Fletcher writ ;

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow ; 85

¹ Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality ; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage ; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his dotages.—P.

² Abraham Cowley, born 1618, died 1667.

³ Which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar.—P.

⁴ Nothing was less true than this particular ; but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism ; in some things right, in others wrong, as he tells us in his answer :

“Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat.”—P.

But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.¹
 These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 From eldest Heywood² down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,³

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,⁴

Or say our fathers never broke a rule;

Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own that greater faults than we

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree. 96

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,⁵

And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:⁶

Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can
 bound,

Now serpent-like in prose he sweeps the
 ground; 100

In quibbles, angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book!

Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,

Or damn all Shakespear, like the affected
 fool 105

¹ Thomas Southern, author of *Oronooko*, born 1660, died 1746. Nicholas Rowe, born 1673, died 1718.

² John Heywood, born 1506, died 1565.

³ A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.—P. Supposed to have been written about the year 1575 by Dr. Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

⁴ The "Careless Husband," Colley Cibber's most popular play, produced in 1704.

⁵ Particularly in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, where he imitates the unequal measures, as well as language of Chaucer.—P.

⁶ Sidney's *Arcadia* contains hexameters, pentameters, and Sapphics.

At Court, who hates whate'er he read at school.¹

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat,² Carew,³ Sedley,⁴ and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,) 110
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthened thought that gleams through
many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censured, not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow; 120
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,⁵
Or well-mouthed Booth with emphasis pro-
claims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)⁶
How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,

¹ An indirect satire on Lord Hervey, alluding to certain lines in his "Epistles to a Doctor of Divinity."
—*Carruthers*.

² Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, born 1636, died 1713.

³ Thomas Carew, born 1589, died 1639.

⁴ Sir Charles Sedley, born 1639, died 1701.

⁵ Thomas Betterton, born 1635, died 1710. Barton Booth (born 1681, died 1733) was the original Cato in Addison's tragedy.

⁶ An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.—P.

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I, 131
 Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
 Had ancient times conspired to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient
 now?

Or what remained, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword,
 Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles re-
 stored; 140

In every taste of foreign courts improved,
 "All, by the King's example, lived and loved."¹
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to
 excel,²

Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
 And every flowery courtier writ romance. 146

Then marble, softened into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flowed to human form:
 Lely³ on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauched at Court:
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.⁴

¹ A verse of the Lord Lansdowne.—P.

² The Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship; the Romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery; and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality.—P.

³ Sir Peter Lely, born 1618, died 1680.

⁴ The Siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England.—P.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate ;
 Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a noble cause. 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
 Instruct his family in every rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school.
 To worship like his fathers was his care ; 165
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
 To prove that luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good security, his gold.
 Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
 Has seized the Court and city, poor and rich : 170
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I ;
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180
 He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
 Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his
 drop ;¹
 E'en Radcliffe's² doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learned to
 dance. 186

¹ A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.—P.

² Dr. John Radcliffe (died 1714) founded the Radcliffe Fellowships in University College, Oxford.

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would
smile)¹

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind; 191
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.

Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men; 194
Flight of cashiers, or mobs he'll never mind;²
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;³
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the State.⁴

¹ See Moral Essays, iv. 18.

² Alluding to the flight of Mr. Knight, one of the cashiers of the South-Sea Company.—*Warton*.

³ George Pitt, of Shroton, in the county of Dorset, intrusted the management of his estates to Peter Walter during his absence abroad.—*Bowles*.

⁴ Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relictæ parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule; the nobler office of a poet follows: *Torquet ab obscenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c., which the imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what

What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;¹
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift his grateful verse engraved,
"The rights a Court attacked, a poet saved."²
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,³ 226
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with
psalms; ⁴ 230

deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.—P.

¹ See Essay on Criticism, v. 725.

² Alluding to the "Drapier's Letters" (published 1724). Warton says that Pope was threatened with a prosecution for this passage.

³ A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor by lending small sums of money on demand.—P.

⁴ John Hopkins and Thomas Sternhold compiled a metrical version of the Psalms (1562).

And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's
 charms ;

Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms :

Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265

Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.

Waller was smooth ;¹ but Dryden taught to
 join

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,

The long majestic march and energy divine.

Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270

And splay-foot verse remained, and will remain.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,

When the tired nation breathed from civil war.

Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,

Showed us that France had something to admire.

Not but the tragic spirit was our own, 276

And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :

But Otway failed to polish or refine,

And fluent Shakespear scarce effaced a line.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,

The humbler muse of Comedy require.

But in known images of life, I guess

The labour greater, as the indulgence less. 285

Observe how seldom even the best succeed :

Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed ?

What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ !²

How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !³

¹ Mr. Waller about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.—P.

² George Farquhar, born 1678, died 1707.

³ Sir John Vanbrugh, architect and dramatist, born 1666, died 1726.

The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,¹ 290
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !²
 But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
 Alike to them by pathos or by pun. 295

O you ! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit ; 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd ;
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.³
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords ! 310
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords ;
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
 The play stands still ; damn action and dis-
 course,

Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ;
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn, 316
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn ;
 The champion, too ! and to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.⁴

¹ A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.—P. Aphra Behn, born 1642, died 1689.

² William Pinkethman, a popular low comedian.

³ The name of a popular song.

⁴ The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne

With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !
 Ah, luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more ; 325
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
 Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,¹
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat ;²
 Or when from Court a birthday suit bestowed,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters—hark ! the universal peal !
 “ But has he spoken ? ” Not a syllable. 335
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?
 Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered
 chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes : 341
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the
 air,

Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other
 to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this
 noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of
 England was borrowed from the Tower to dress the
 champion.—P.

¹ The furthest northern promontory of Scotland,
 opposite the Orcades.—P.

² Quin, the famous tragedian, died 1766. Mrs. Old-
 field died in 1730.

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state

Alone, deserves the favour of the great :

Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350

More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
spring ?

How shall we fill a library with wit,¹

When Merlin's cave is half unfurnished yet ?² 355

My liege ! why writers little claim your
thought,

I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the
fault :

We poets are, (upon a poet's word)

Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :

The season, when to come, and when to go, 360

To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,

You lose your patience just like other men.

Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when to defend

A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365

Repeat unasked ; lament, the wit's too fine

For vulgar eyes, and point out every line.

But most, when straining with too weak a wing,

We needs will write epistles to the King ;

And from the moment we oblige the town, 370

Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;

Or dubbed historians by express command,

To enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

¹ Munus Apolline dignum. The Palatine library then building by Augustus.—P.

² A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small but choice collection of books.—P. The collection was made by Queen Caroline, who appointed Stephen Duck librarian.—*Carruthers*. See Bk. ii. Ep. ii. 140.

Be called to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them
known?

Or choose, at least, some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.¹

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;² 380
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed³
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judged of
merit;

But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles, 386
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned
Quarles;⁴

Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."⁵

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polished verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,

¹ Sir Robert Walpole bestowed the laureateship on Cibber as a reward for a political play—*The Non-juror*.—*Pattison*.

² Bernini, Italian painter, sculptor, and architect, born 1598, died 1680.

³ "Great Nassau" is William III. See Pope's Epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller.

⁴ Francis Quarles, author of "Emblems," born 1592, died 1644.

⁵ Quarles held a small sinecure place in the court of James I., but there is no record of his being pensioned by Charles, in support of whose cause he lost his property, books, &c. The saying quoted by Pope has not been traced to any earlier source.—*Caruthers*.

Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing !
 What seas you traversed, and what fields you
 fought ! 396
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly
 bought !
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wondered, while they dropped the
 sword !
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and
 deep, 400
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapped the world in
 sleep ;
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
 But verse, alas ! your Majesty disdains ;
 And I'm not used to panegyric strains : 405
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules : 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness ; and if lies,
 " Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise : " ¹
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives ;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings) ²
 Clothe spice, like trunks, or fluttering in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

¹ From "The Celebrated Beauties," an anonymous piece in Tonson's Miscellany, 1709.—*Carruthers*.

² Laurence Eusden (died 1730), Poet-Laureate ; Ambrose Philips (1671-1749) wrote an Ode to Walpole ; Elkanah Settle (1648-1724) was City-poet.



THE SECOND EPISTLE.
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.¹

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.



DEAR Colonel,² Cobham's and your
country's friend !

You love a verse, take such as I can
send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins :—"This lad, sir, is of Blois :
Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how
curled !

My only son ;—I'd have him see the world :
His French is pure : his voice too—you shall
hear.

Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please :
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him, with all his virtues, on my word ;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord :

¹ Published in 1737.

² Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham, near Oxford.—
Warton.

But, sir, to you, with what would I not part ?
 Though faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's
 heart. 16

Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 And then, unwhipped, he had the grace to cry :
 The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal." 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he proved so
 bad ?

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;¹
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
 And punished him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
 I told you, when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same ; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time ! 31
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earned a little purse of gold :
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit. 36
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall, 40
 Tore down the standard, took the fort and all.
 " Prodigious well ; " his great commander cried,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

¹ An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Panza.—P. Sir Godfrey Kneller is said to have dismissed a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it. See Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting."

Next pleased his excellence a town to batter ;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
“ Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls !
Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls ! 47
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”
Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
“ D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot ? 50
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.”

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad : 55
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell ;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust : 61
Hopes after hopes of pious papists failed,
While mighty William's thundering arm pre-
vailed.

For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
And me, the Muses helped to undergo it ;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,¹
If I would scribble rather than repose. 70

Years following years, steal something every
day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend : 75
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,

¹ Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.—P.

What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
 That turned ten thousand verses, now stands
 still ?

But after all, what would you have me do ?
 When out of twenty I can please not two ; 81
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.¹

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends ?

My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A poet begs me I will hear him read :
 " In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there— 94
 At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
 Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one."—
 " Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
 And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought ; 100
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass ? 105
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own s-r-v-nce in a car ?

Go, lofty poet ! and, in such a crowd,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

¹ See Bk. ii. Sat. i. 46, and Bk. ii. Sat. ii. 25.

Alas ! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, every Muse's son :
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-
 Court.¹

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ?
 How match the bards whom none e'er matched
 before ? 115

The man, who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,
 See ! strowed with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun ! 119
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare :
 So stiff, so mute ! some statue you would swear,
 Stepped from its pedestal to take the air !
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their
 doors ;

Shall I, in London, act this idle part ? 125
 Composing songs, for fools to get by heart ?

The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
 Who deemed each other oracles of law ;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lulled the Exchequer, and one stunned the
 Rolls ; 130

Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.²

'Twas, " Sir, your law "—and " Sir, your elo-
 quence,"

" Yours, Cowper's manner "—and " yours,
 Talbot's sense." ³

¹ Two villages within a few miles of London.—P.

² Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite scholar than a professed lawyer.—*Warton*. See Bk. i. Ep. vi.

³ William, first Earl Cowper, Lord Keeper, died

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the
 Nine,

Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to
 see

No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.¹ 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we
 please.

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
 "Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming
 race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should
 bite

To court applause by printing what I write: 150
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound re-
 spect;

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
 Each, praised within, is happy all day long: 156
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such verse as we can read!
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or
 care, 160

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,

1723. Charles, Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor, died
 1737.

¹ See Bk. ii. Ep. i. 355.

Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find
grace :

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its
stead,

In downright charity revive the dead ; 164

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred
years ;

Command old words, that long have slept, to
wake,

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,

(For use will father what's begot by sense,) 170

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,

Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,

Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,

But show no mercy to an empty line ; 175

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,

You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :

"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;

As those move easiest who have learned to
dance." ¹

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,

Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool ; 181

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,

It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)

A worthy member, no small fool, a lord ; 185

Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,

Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate :

In all but this, a man of sober life,

Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife ;

Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell, 190

And much too wise to walk into a well.

¹ Essay on Criticism, vv. 362-3.

Him, the damned doctors and his friends im-
mured,

They bled, they cupped, they purged ; in short,
they cured :

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—

“ My friends ! ” he cried, “ p-x take you for your
care ! 195

That from a patriot of distinguished note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.”

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my
fate :

Wisdom (curse on it !) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull : 200
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropped before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart :

If, when the more you drink, the more you
crave,

You tell the doctor ; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease ? 215
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

“ Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.”

When golden angels cease to cure the evil : ¹
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and
place 220

¹ The angel was a gold coin paid by those who were
touched for the king's evil (scrofula).

Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—— ! be fair,¹
Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?
Yet still, not heeding what your art can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers
preach.

225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D * * * loved sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abbs Court,² if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,³
His venison too, a guinea makes your own : 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;
Now, or long since, what difference will be
found ?

You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred
men, 240

¹ Alluding to a sermon preached by Dr. Kennet, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, at the funeral of the first Duke of Devonshire in 1707, at the request of the second Duke. Courthope remarks that Pope's satire probably reflected on the third Duke, who was then living, and adds: "Pope enjoys the satisfaction of transfixing with one shaft two Whig Dukes, and a Whig Bishop." The blanks in lines 222 and 229 are to be filled up with "Duke" and "Devonshire" respectively.

² A farm over against Hampton Court.—*Warburton*.

³ Edward Wortley Montagu. See *Moral Essays*, iii. 62, and *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. ii. Sat. ii. 50.

⁴ Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See *Moral Essays*, iii. 101.

Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat ;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat ;
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln
town. 245

The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand :
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's
power

Loose on the point of every wavering hour :
Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man ? and for ever ? wretch ! what wouldst
thou have ?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase) 255
 Alas, my Bathurst !¹ what will they avail ?
 Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale,²
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls,—'tis all a joke !
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer
 fall.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian
dye, 265
There are who have not—and thank Heaven
there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their
care.

¹ See *Moral Essays*, Ep. iii.

² A village in Gloucestershire, near Lord Bathurst's seat at Oakley.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll
 find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to
 sun ;
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips,¹ and all Grosvenor's
 mines :²
 Why one like Bu—— with pay and scorn
 content,³
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275
 One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :⁴
 Is known alone to that Directing Power
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour ;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual : His great end the same.
 Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep ; 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place :
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :

¹ Charles, Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State to George I. and II. He retired from public life in 1730, and gave himself up to agriculture. He introduced the turnip from Germany.

² Sir Thomas Grosvenor, ancestor of the Marquesses of Westminster.

³ Bubb Doddington. See Moral Essays, iv. 20, &c.

⁴ Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.—P. General Oglethorpe was born in 1698. He served under Prince Eugene in 1716, founded the colony of Georgia 1733-36, commanded against the rebels in Scotland in 1745, and died in 1785.

I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away. 295

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger ;
I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of avarice ? I have none.”
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone ; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad ? the avarice of power ?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal ?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?
With terrors round, can reason hold her
throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at the un-
known ?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire ?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful
mind ? 315

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end ?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?
Or will you think, my friend, your business
done, 320

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;

You've played, and loved, and eat, and drank
your fill :

Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the
stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,³²⁵
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.





THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.¹

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius ?—HOR.

SATIRE II.



YES, thank my stars ! as early as I
knew
This town, I had the sense to hate
it too :

Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors ; 5
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin ;
It brought (no doubt) the Excise and Army in ;²
Caught like the plague, or love, the Lord knows
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

¹ See Pope's Advertisement to the Epistle to Arbuthnot. Dr. John Donne was born in 1573, and died in 1631.

² See Moral Essays, iii. 120, and Imitations of Horace, Bk. ii. Sat. ii. 154.

Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarmed, and hardly worth your hate !

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an actor live :

The thief condemned, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,

The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows
 blow :

The inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair : but songs no longer move ;

No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love :

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,

And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to
 get, 25

As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.

Those write because all write, and so have still

Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet

Is he who makes his meal on others' wit : 30

'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before ;

His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

Sense, passed through him, no longer is the
 same ;

For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35

Who live like S—tt—n,¹ or who die like
 Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,

Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;

Wicked as pages, who in early years

Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40

E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake

¹ Sir Robert Sutton. See Moral Essays, iii. 105,
 note. For Chartres, see v. 20 of the same Epistle.

Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
 Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
 In what commandment's large contents they
 dwell.

One, one man only, breeds my just offence ; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave
 impudence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50

No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too ?
 Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this per cent. and that per
 year ?

Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts ;
 Call himself barrister to every wench,
 And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench ? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they
 scold.

Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain :
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.

'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own : ¹

What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies !
 And what a solemn face, if he denies !

Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and
 swear

'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
 His office keeps your parchment fates entire,

¹ Peter Walter. See Moral Essays, iii. 123, &c.

He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or
 dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every lord in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters e'en to godly * *.¹ 80
 Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount² to Dover
 strand :
 And when rank widows purchase luscious
 nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,³
 Or city heir in mortgage melts away ;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then, strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are ;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs

¹ Lord Orrery says, "Paul Foley, Esq." See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. iv. 467.—*Courthope*.

² St. Michael's Mount.

³ See *Moral Essays*, iii. 67. Jansen was a notorious gambler.

The deeds, and dexterously omits *ses heires*:
 No commentator can more sily pass 101
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place :
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the
 doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doomed to say his beads and even-song ;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer the *Power and Glory*
 clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be
 found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the
 ground ? 110

We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor, that thronged
 of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
 Some beasts were killed, though not whole
 hecatombs ;

That both extremes were banished from their
 walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals ;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could
 starve. 120

These, as good works, 'tis true we all allow,
 But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence ;
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense, 126
 Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,

Adieu to all the follies of the age !
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired ; 10
I hoped for no commission from his Grace ;
I bought no benefice, I begged no place ;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show ;
Yet went to Court! the Devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days 15
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no formed design of serving God ;
So was I punished, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way !
Scarce was I entered, when, behold ! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name ;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark, 26
Where all the race of reptiles might embark :
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves
contain, 1 30

¹ See Moral Essays, iv. 10, and Epistle to Addison, 41.

Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropped out of the
 moon.

One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise justice starting from his chair
 Cry, "By your priesthood tell me what you
 are?"

Such was the wight: the apparel on his
 back,
 Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare,
 was black:

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remained;
 So time, that changes all things, had ordained!
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay, 44
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travelled, speaks each language
 too,

And knows what's fit for every state to do;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent joined,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refined. 49
 Talkers I've learned to bear; Motteux¹ I knew,
 Henley² himself I've heard, and Budgell too.³
 The Doctor's wormwood stole, the hash of
 tongues

A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,⁴
 The whole artillery of the terms of war,

¹ Peter Anthony Motteux (1660-1718), dramatist and translator of Rabelais and Don Quixote.

² See Dunciad, iii. 199, and Epistle to Arbuthnot, 98.

³ See Dunciad, ii. 397, and Epistle to Arbuthnot, 378.

⁴ Sir John Gonson, a famous police magistrate. See below, v. 256.

And (all those plagues in one) the bawling
Bar ; 55

These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the Devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest
whores,

With royal favourites in flattery vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.¹

He spies me out ; I whisper, Gracious God !
What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
That all the shot of dulness now must be 64
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me !
“ Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame.
To crave your sentiment, if ——’s your name.
What speech esteem you most ? ” “ The
King’s,” said I.

“ But the best words ? ” “ O, sir, the Dic-
tionary.”

“ You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
And perfect speaker ? ” “ Onslow, past dis-
pute.”²

“ But, sir, of writers ? ” “ Swift, for closer
style ;

But Ho * * y for a period of a mile.”³

“ Why yes, ’tis granted, these indeed may pass :
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ;
Nay troth, the apostles (though perhaps too
rough) 76

Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough :
Yet these were all poor gentlemen ! I dare
Affirm, ’twas travel made them what they were.”

Thus others’ talents having nicely shown, 80
He came, by sure transition, to his own :

¹ See Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 146.

² Arthur Onslow, Speaker from 1728 to 1761.

³ Bishop Hoadley.

Till I cried out, " You prove yourself so able,
 Pity you was not druggerman at Babel :¹
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the Tower had stood."

"Obliging sir! for Courts you sure were
 made: 86

Why then for ever buried in the shade?
 Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
 The King would smile on you—at least the
 Queen."

"Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us— 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :²

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :
 Though in his pictures lust be full displayed,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made ;³ 95
 And though the Court show vice exceeding
 clear,

None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."

At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretched lute-string, and
 replies ;

" Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !"

"Then, happy man who shows the tombs!"
 said I,

"He dwells amidst the royal family ;
 He every day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, ease and bread."

¹ *Dragoman*, or interpreter.

² See Cicero, *De Officiis*, lib. iii. cap. i., where the saying of Scipio Africanus Major is quoted, "that he was never less alone than when alone."

³ Pietro Aretino, a profligate satirist of the 16th cent., patronised by the Medici.

“ Lord, sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,
 And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
 How elegant your Frenchmen ! ” “ Mine d’ye
 mean ? ” 110

I have but one, I hope the fellow’s clean.”

“ Oh, sir, politely so ! nay, let me die :

Your only wearing is your paduasoy.”¹

“ Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this, you see, is but my dishabille.—” 115

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse iron, sharpened, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when angered to a sore ;

So when you plague a fool, ’tis still the curse,

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He passed it o’er ; affects an easy smile 122

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, “ What news ? ” I tell him of new
 plays,

New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125

He hears, and as a still with simples in it,

Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,

Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,

By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Mere household trash ! of birthnights, balls,
 and shows, 130

More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.²

When the Queen frowned, or smiled, he knows ;
 and what

A subtle minister may make of that :

Who sins with whom : who got his pension
 rug,

Or quickened a reversion by a drug : 135

Whose place is quartered out, three parts in four,

And whether to a bishop, or a whore :

¹ “ Paduasoy ” is a heavy silk stuff made at Padua’

² Chronicle writers of the 16th cent.

Who, having lost his credit, pawned his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government :
 Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
 And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor :
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,¹
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What lady's face is not a whited wall. 151
 As one of Woodward's patients, sick and
 sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more : ²
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's
 part,
 And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.³
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat 156
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then, as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man ;
 Swears every place entailed for years to come,
 In sure succession to the day of doom : 161
 He names the price for every office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delayed :
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court, 164
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
 Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,

¹ *i.e.*, win all the tricks at cards.

² Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.—*Warburton*.

³ Two of the earliest newspapers published in England were the "London Gazette" (1665), and the "Post-Boy" (1695).

To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject, staid and wise,
Already half turned traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me, 170
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra,¹ joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,²
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
All the Court filled with stranger things than
he,

Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me
hence

To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amusing
theme,

Till fancy coloured it, and formed a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forced e'en me to see the damned at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all the infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?

¹ Walter Carey. See the Satire on "Umbra" among the Miscellaneous Poems.

² Lord Hervey.

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility ? 201
 Thou, who since yesterday, hast rolled o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court ? 205
 Now pox on those who show a Court in wax !¹
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnished race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately, staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them
 kings.

See ! where the British youth, engaged, no
 more,

At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,²
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room ;
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine, 216
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 " That's velvet for a king ! " the flatterer
 swears ;

'Tis true, for ten day's hence 'twill be King
 Lear's. 219

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
 That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools,
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes ?
 For these are actors, too, as well as those :

¹ A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work.—P.

² White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.—P.

Wants reach all states ; they beg, but better
dressed,

And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinnell,
Sail in the ladies : how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230

He boarding her, she striking sail to him :

“ Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts
to hit ! ”

And “ Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much
wit ! ”

Such wits and beauties are not praised for
nought,

For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

’Twould burst e’en Heraclitus with the spleen,

To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin :

The presence seems, with things so richly odd,

The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.

See them survey their limbs by Durer’s rules,¹

Of all beau-kind the best proportioned fools ! 241

Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw

Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;

But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul,

Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245

Or should one pound of powder less bespread

Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.

Thus finished, and corrected to a hair,

They march, to prate their hour before the
fair.

So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,

With band of lily, and with cheek of rose, 251

Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,

Neatness itself impertinent in him.

¹ Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528).

Let but the ladies smile, and they are blessed :
 Prodigious ! how the things protest, protest : 255
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize
 you,

If once he catch you at your Jesu ! Jesu !

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.

But here's the captain, that will plague them
 both, 260

Whose air cries, Arm ! whose very look's an
 oath :

The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like battering rams, beats open every door : 265

And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse :
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe ; 270
 Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room ; but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go ;
 For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,¹ 274
 And lined with giants deadlier than 'em all ;
 Each man an Askapart,² of strength to toss
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
 Scared at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discovered spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as
 mine : 280
 Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold
 divine !

From such alone the great rebukes endure,

¹ The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.—P.

² A giant famous in romances.—P.

Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.





EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.¹

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear
in print,
And when it comes, the Court see
nothing in't.²

You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a
Tory;"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in
Peter." 10

¹ Originally published under the title of "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight."

² These two lines are from Horace: and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer: "'Tis all from Horace," &c.—P.

But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice ;
 Bubo observes, he lashed no sort of vice :¹
 Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,²
 Blunt could do business, H-ggins knew the
 town ;³

In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
 In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropped our ears, and sent them to the
 king.⁴

His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make Augustus
 smile : 20

An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
 But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore ;
 Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no
 more⁵— 24

And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
 The great man never⁶ offered you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT !—

P. See Sir ROBERT !—hum—

¹ Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.—P. [Bubb Doddington.]

² Sir William Yonge.

³ Huggins, formerly gaoler of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.—P. For Blunt, see Moral Essays, iii. 133.

⁴ Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bade him carry them to the king his master.—P.

⁵ This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.—P.

⁶ A phrase by common use appropriated to the first minister.—P.

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power; 30
 Seen him, uncumbered with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why yes; with Scripture still you may be
 free;

A horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;
 A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig,¹
 Who never changed his principle or wig; 40
 A patriot is a fool in every age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion
 still,
 And wear their strange old virtue, as they
 will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near 45
 His prince, that writes in verse, and has his
 ear?"

Why answer, Lyttelton,² and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base: 49
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.

¹ Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.—P. The word "ONE" probably means Walpole, who is aimed at in the previous line.

² George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.—P.

Sejanus, Wolsey,¹ hurt not honest Fleury,²
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes ;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are
sore, 55

So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again. 60
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !
Come, harmless characters, that no one hit ; 65
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit !³
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng !⁴
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,⁵ 69

¹ The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.—P.

² Cardinal, and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time to cry up his wisdom and honesty.—P.

³ See them in their places in the Dunciad.—P.

⁴ Sir William Yonge.

⁵ Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches ; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries, which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style, and was lastly served up in an epitaph between Latin and English, published by its author.—P. Dr. Alured Clarke wrote a sermon on the Death of Queen Caroline. Lord Hervey wrote an epitaph, and Henry Fox (F—) moved an address of the House of Commons (the Senate).

And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense,
 That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while, 74
 As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,¹
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the nation's sense ;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,²
 All parts performed, and all her children blessed !
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No gazetteer more innocent than I—³
 And let, a-God's name, every fool and knave 85
 Be graced through life, and flattered in his
 grave.

F. Why so ? if Satire knows its time and
 place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace :
 For merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when ? exactly when they
 fall. 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.⁴

¹ Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of the *Life of Cicero*, and Dr. Bland, Master of Eton College and Dean of Durham.

² Queen Consort of King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.—P.

³ The *Gazetteer* is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office ; and his business is to write the Government's newspaper, published by authority.—*Warburton*.

⁴ Immortal Selkirk. A title given *that* Lord by

Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
 All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame trans-
 port,

Lulled with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court,
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's dis-
 grace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their
 place : 100

But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast
 their glory, 105

Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And when three sovereigns died, could scarce
 be vexed,

Considering what a gracious prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings ; 110
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt ? ¹

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of Vice be lost ? 114

Ye gods ! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke ? ²

King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William ; he was so to King George I., he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.—P. De—re is Lord Delaware.

¹ Alluding to an unfounded scandal about Lady M. W. Montagu, and her sister, the Countess of Mar.

² Two players : look for them in the Dunciad.—P.

A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be bribed as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's
 skill ? ¹

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will ? ² 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things) ³
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith like
 kings ?

If Blount dispatched himself, he played the
 man, ⁴

And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran ! ⁵
 But shall a printer, weary of his life, ⁶ 125
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and
 wife ?

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
 Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care ;
 This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin. ⁷ 130

¹ See Moral Essays, iii. 20, and Dunciad, iii. 34.

² Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, was falsely said to have secreted the will of King George I. For Japhet, see Moral Essays, iii. 86.

³ See Moral Essays, iii. 100, 123.

⁴ Author of an impious foolish book called The Oracles of Reason, who, being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself ; of the consequence of which he really died.—P.

⁵ Author of another book of the same stamp, called A Philosophical Discourse on Death, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts. The unhappy man at last died a penitent.—*Warburton*.

⁶ A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his actions by the reasonings of some of these authors.—P.

⁷ A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;¹
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,²
 Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea, in life :³
 Let humble Allen,⁴ with an awkward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame ;
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me ;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same beloved, contented thing.
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth, 141
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth :
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore ;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more !
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 145
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops
 bless ;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragged in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground ! 154
 Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,

had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people,
 till it was restrained by an Act of Parliament, in
 1736.—P.

¹ Dr. James Foster, a famous dissenting preacher.

² Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time.—*Warton*.

³ A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied.—*P.* Dr. John Harris, Bishop of Llandaff, is called by *Warton* "a prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope."

⁴ Pope's friend, Ralph Allen, Mayor of Bath.

Before her dance : behind her, crawl the old !
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son !
 Hear her black trumpet through the land pro-
 claim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more !
 See, all our nobles begging to be slaves !
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 “ Nothing is sacred now but villany.” 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton, sir, will say.¹

P. Not yet, my friend ! to-morrow 'faith it
 may ;

And for that very cause I print to-day.
 How should I fret to mangle every line,
 In reverence to the sins of Thirty-nine ! ² 5
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty
 lash ; 10

¹ Late Solicitor to the Treasury.—*Warburton*.

² This was written in 1738.

E'en Guthrie¹ saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the
dice?

Come on, then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the
kind. 15

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists—F. Scandal! name them.
Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to
do.

Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,² 20
I never named: the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame³—F. You mean—P. I don't
—F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you
go.

P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop
too low. 25

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with
what;

Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which
not?

Must great offenders, once escaped the Crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?⁴ 30
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?

¹ The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.—P.

² See Dial. i. 112.

³ Lady Deloraine. See Sat. i. 81.

⁴ Alluding to the old game laws.—*Warburton*.

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? No; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-
day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be
spoiled,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;¹
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe 46
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the
blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hanged ten
years ago: 55
Who now that obsolete example fears?
E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.²

¹ Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged.—P.

² Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.—P.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,

You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years
hence— 60

P. As S——k,¹ if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S——k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.

When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough
name? ² 65

Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,³
(Where Kent⁴ and Nature vie for Pelham's
love)

The scene, the master, opening to my view;
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

E'en in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart,⁵

¹ Lord Selkirk. See Dialogue i. 92.

² Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.—P. He committed suicide in 1740.

³ The house and gardens of Esher, in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.—P. Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, died in 1754.

⁴ William Kent, architect and landscape gardener, born 1685, died 1748.

⁵ Secker, Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Rundle was Bishop of Derry.

Manners with candour are to Benson given,¹
To Berkeley,² every virtue under heaven.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers³ once, and Halifax,⁴ were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury,⁵ the wise and great:
Carleton's⁶ calm sense, and Stanhope's⁷ noble
flame, 80
Compared, and knew their generous end the
same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul unconquered in the
Tower!

¹ Bishop of Gloucester.

² Bishop of Cloyne.

³ John, Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.—P.

⁴ A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.—P.

⁵ Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.—P.

⁶ Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III., and President of the Council under Queen Anne.—P.

⁷ James, Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.—P.

How can I Pulteney,¹ Chesterfield² forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit? 85
 Argyll,³ the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field?
 Or Wyndham,⁴ just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own?
 Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in

vain, 90
 Ranked with their friends, not numbered with
 their train;

And, if yet higher the proud list should end,
 Still let me say,—No follower, but a friend.⁵

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my
 lays;—

I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise: 95
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Dined with the Man of Ross,⁶ or my Lord
 Mayor.⁷

Some in their choice of friends, (nay, look not
 grave) 100

¹ William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the opponent of Walpole. He died in 1764.

² Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773), Secretary of State and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He is famous for his *Letters to his Son*.

³ John, Duke of Argyll, born in 1678. He served under Marlborough, and commanded against the rebels in Scotland in 1715. He opposed Walpole's Administration, and died in 1743.

⁴ Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.—P. He died in 1740.

⁵ Alluding to his intimacy with the Prince of Wales.

⁶ See Moral Essays, iii. 250, &c.

⁷ Sir John Barnard. See Bk. i. Ep. i. 85.

Have still a secret bias to a knave :
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
 F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;
 Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done :
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,
 Each widow asks it for "the best of men,"
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground :
 The number may be hanged, but not be
 crowned. 111

Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend ? 115
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wished, but wished
 in vain.

No power the Muse's friendship can command ;
 No power, when Virtue claims it, can with-
 stand :

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line ;¹ 120
 O let my country's friends illumine mine !
 —What are you thinking ? F. Faith, the
 thought's no sin :

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow ?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little ? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall !² aid me while I lie.

¹ Æneid, viii. 670, or vi. 841.

² Look for him in his place. Dunciad, ii. 315.
 —P.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,¹ 130
And Lyttelton a dark designing knave;²

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.³ 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I
blame?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-galled hackney of the
day, 140

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pensioned sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;⁴
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the
dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It angered Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kicked that took his pay;
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turned it to a jest,

¹ The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.—P.

² See Dial. i. 47.

³ His maxim was, "to go his own way, and let madam go hers."—*Carruthers*.

⁴ Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham.—*Warton*.

And begged he'd take the pains to kick the
rest : 155

Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, sir! for God's sake, where's the
affront to you?

Against your worship when had S——k writ?

Or P——ge poured forth the torrent of his wit?¹

Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160

["In power a servant, out of power a friend,"]²

To W——le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropped the
Crown,³

How hurt he you? he only stained the gown. 165

And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,⁴

Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it
came;

Whoever borrowed, could not be to blame,

Since the whole House did afterwards the same.

Let courtly wits to wits afford supply, 171

As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:

If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin,

As pure a mess almost as it came in; 176

The blessed benefit, not there confined,

¹ Lord Selkirk and Judge Page. See ver. 61, and Dunciad, iv. 30.

² A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.—P. By Lord Melcombe.

³ Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.—P. Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.—*Warton*. See Dial. i. 69.

⁴ This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71 of the preceding dialogue.—P. The "florid youth" is Henry Fox.—*Croker*.

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind :
 From tail to mouth they feed, and they carouse :
 The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach.—P. So does flattery
 mine :

And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further :—Japhet, 'tis agreed 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or
 read,¹

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot
 write :

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forged was not my own ?
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin, 191
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in ?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows ?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God ?

Ask you what provocation I have had ?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth, or virtue an affront endures,
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be
 yours. 200

Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense ;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind ;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.²

F. You're strangely proud. P. So proud, I
 am no slave : 205

¹ Japhet—Chartres. See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.—P.

² From Terence : Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.—P.

So impudent, I own myself no knave :
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone. 211

O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !
 To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
 The Muse may give thee, but the gods must
 guide : 215

Reverent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects ! whom a Court maintains, 220
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day !¹
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of
 kings,— 225

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the
 press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public cause,²
 A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's
 scar,³ 230

¹ Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun.—P.

² The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England ; and (ver. 229) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.—P.

³ Referring to Waller's *Panegyric on the Lord Protector*.

Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.¹

Not so, when, diademed with rays divine,
Touched with the flame that breaks from Vir-
tue's shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity : 235

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave ;²

Far other stars than * and ** wear,³

And may descend to Mordington from Stair ;⁴
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine :)⁵

Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus
sings,

And bark at honour not conferred by kings ;
Let Flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :

¹ See his Ode on Namur ; where (to use his own words) "il a fait un astre de la plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comète, fatale à nos ennemis."—P.

² The chief Herald-at-Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.—P.

³ Lord Marchmont put opposite these blanks the names of "George" and "Frederick," meaning the King and Prince of Wales.—*Carruthers*.

⁴ Lord Mordington, a Scotch nobleman, who is said to have sunk so low from the blood of the Douglasses, as to have kept a gaming-house in Covent-garden ! He died 10th June, 1741.—*Carruthers*. John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards as Ambassador in France.—P. He died in 1747.

⁵ Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester ; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II. ; the other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.—P.

Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line, 246
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of
law ;

Here, last of Britons ! let your names be
read ; 250

Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers
shine,

Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.¹ 255

¹ This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more ; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks ; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies ; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.—P.



IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'**T**IS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.

You humour me when I am sick, 5

Why not when I am splenetic?

In town, what objects could I meet?

The shops shut up in every street,

And funerals blackening all the doors,

And yet more melancholy whores : 10

And what a dust in every place!

And a thin court that wants your face,

And fevers raging up and down,

And W* and H** both in town!

“The dog-days are no more the case.” 15

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:

Then southward let your bard retire,

Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,

And you shall see, the first warm weather,

Me and the butterflies together. 20

My Lord, your favours well I know;

'Tis with distinction you bestow;

And not to every one that comes,


Just as a Scotchman does his plums.
 " Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast : 25
 Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—
 What, rob your boys ? those pretty rogues !
 " No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
 Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye. 30
 Scatter your favours on a fop,
 Ingratitude's the certain crop ;
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is, or should 35
 Be mighty ready to do good ;
 But makes a difference in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
 Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
 A safe companion, and a free ; 40
 But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
 I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution !
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
 The engaging smile, the gaiety,
 That laughed down many a summer-sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one :
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when Belinda raised my strain. 50
 A weasel once made shift to slink
 In at a corn-loft through a chink ;
 But having amply stuffed his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in :
 Which one belonging to the house 55
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cried, " You 'scape not so,
 Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
 Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation ; 60

Nor one that temperance advance,
 Crammed to the throat with ortolans :
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-sea subscriptions take who please, 65
 Leave me but liberty and ease.
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,¹
 Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
 Give me, I cried (enough for me),
 My bread, and independency ! 70
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And lived—just as you see I do ;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There died my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80
 To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support,"—
 But you may read it,—I stop short.

¹ Sir Francis Child, the banker.

✓ BOOK II. SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY
DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

 'VE often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house, to lodge a friend ;
A river at my garden's end ;
A terrace-walk, and half a rood 5
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine, but till I die ; 10
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault ;
And if I pray by reason's rules, 15
And not like forty other fools :
As thus, " Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker !
To grant me this and t'other acre :
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure : " 20
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits.
Preserve, Almighty Providence !
Just what you gave me, competence :
And let me in these shades compose 25
Something in verse as true as prose :
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen.¹
In short, I'm perfectly content,

¹ Lines 13 to 28 were added by Pope.

Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.
 "Lewis,¹ the Dean will be of use, 35
 Send for him up; take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas;
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found : 40
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 45
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemmed by a triple circle round,
 Chequered with ribands blue and green :
 How should I thrust myself between ? 50
 Some wag observes me thus perplexed,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud
 To jostle here among a crowd."
 Another, in a surly fit, 55
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit :
 "So eager to express your love,
 You ne'er consider whom you shove;
 But rudely press before a duke."
 I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke, 60
 And take it kindly meant to show,
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
 When twenty fools, I never saw,

¹ Erasmus Lewis, Under-Secretary of State, and friend of Swift.

- Come with petitions fairly penned, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone : "
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
To get my warrant quickly signed :
Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best :
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please ; 80
I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As, "What's o'clock ?" and "How's the
wind ?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind ?" 90
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs ;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
Such tattle often entertains 95
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross. 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me used so well :
 " How think you of our friend the Dean ?
 I wonder what some people mean ;
 My Lord and he are grown so great, 105
 Always together *tête-à-tête*.
 What, they admire him for his jokes—
 See but the fortune of some folks !"
 There flies about a strange report,
 Of some express arrived at Court ; 110
 I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
 And catechised in every street.
 " You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
 Inform us, will the Emperor treat ?
 Or do the prints and papers lie ? " 115
 ' Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
 " Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest !
 'Tis now no secret."—I protest
 'Tis one to me—" Then, tell us, pray,
 When are the troops to have their pay ? " 120
 And, though I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amazed, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus in a sea of folly tossed, 125
 My choicest hours of life are lost ;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my country seat !
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book, 130
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the Court and town.¹
 O charming noons ! and nights divine !
 Or when I sup, or when I dine ;
 My friends above, my folks below, 135

¹ Swift's Satire ends here. The rest is by Pope.

Chatting and laughing all a-row :
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup served with all decorum :
 Each willing to be pleased, and please,
 And e'en the very dogs at ease ! 140
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses :
 But something much more our concern, 145
 And quite a scandal not to learn :
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth, or our own ends ? 150
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior told ((you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos* :¹
 Name a town-life, and in a trice, 155
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Received a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean), 165
 Pudding that might have pleased a dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wished it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170

¹ The City and Country Mouse, a parody on Dryden's Hind and Panther, by Prior and Montague.

Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
 But Lord! my friend, this savage scene! 175
 For God's sake come and live with men:
 Consider mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:
 Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 (This doctrine, friend, I learned at Court)" 180

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation,
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;¹
 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shined in description, he might show it;
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls; 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red: 195
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 "*Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again. 205

¹ The house of the Prince of Wales, the headquarters of the Opposition.—*Courthope*.

"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much—but all's so good.
 I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My Lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall 210
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 "A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice! 215
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damned stucco has no chink.)
 "An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree, 220
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.



GAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let
 me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms, 5
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton
 fires.
 To Number Five direct your doves,¹

¹ The number of Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walk.—*Bowles*. See *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. i., Ep. vi.

There spread round Murray all your blooming
loves ; 10
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part ;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined, 15
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the
kind :
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face :
His house, embosomed in the grove, 21
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres 25
Shall call the smiling loves, and young de-
sires ;
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ; 31
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renewed desire ;
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl, 35
And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear ?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
Thee, dressed in Fancy's airy beam, 41
Absent I follow through the extended dream ;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,

And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms,
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall, 45
 Or softly glide by the canal,
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatched away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE
 FOURTH BOOK.



NEST you should think that verse shall
 die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames
 along,
 Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
 Above the reach of vulgar song ;
 Though daring Milton sits sublime, 5
 In Spenser native muses play ;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named ; 10
 These raised new empires o'er the earth ;
 And those, new heavens and systems framed.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
 They had no poet, and they died.
 In vain they schemed, in vain they bled ! 15
 They had no poet, and are dead.



1740.

A POEM.¹



WRETCHED B——! ² jealous now
of all,
What God, what mortal, shall pre-
vent thy fall?

Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.

C——, ³ his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs
things

Made just for him, as other fools for kings; 5
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.

Through clouds of passion P——'s ⁴ views
are clear,

He foams a patriot to subside a peer; 10

¹ This fragment was first published by Warton, who says that it was communicated to him by Dr. Wilson, Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Wilson transcribed it from a rough draft in Pope's own hand, obtained from a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, the friend of Bolingbroke, who was Pope's executor.

² Britain. Throughout this poem, the conjectures given in the notes are from Bowles, unless otherwise stated.

³ Carteret.—*Croker*.

⁴ Pulteney.—*Carruthers*.

Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.

Grave, righteous S——¹ jogs on till, past
belief,

He finds himself companion with a thief.

To purge and let thee blood, with fire and
sword, 15

Is all the help stern S——² would afford.

That those who bind and rob thee, would not
kill,

Good C——³ hopes, and candidly sits still.

Of Ch—s W——⁴ who speaks at all,

No more than of Sir Har—y or Sir P—— ? 20

Whose names once up, they thought it was not
wrong

To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.

G——r, C——m, B——t,⁶ pay thee due re-
gards,

Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.

with wit that must

And C——d,⁷ who speaks so well and writes,

Whom (saving W.) every S. harper bites. 26
must needs

Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.

As for the rest, each winter up they run,

And^{*} all are clear, that something must be
done, 30

Then, urged by C——t,⁸ or by C——t stopped,

Inflamed by P——,⁹ and by P—— dropped ;

They follow reverently each wondrous wight,

¹ Sandys.

² Shippen.

³ Cornbury.—*Carruthers*.

⁴ Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

⁵ Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.

⁶ Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.

⁷ Lord Chesterfield.

⁸ Carteret.

⁹ Pulteney.

Amazed that one can read, that one can write :
 So geese to gander prone obedience keep, 35
 Hiss, if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
 Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
 Uttered a speech, and asked their friends to
 dine ;

Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
 Content but for five shillings in the pound ; 40
 Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
 And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.

Rise, rise, great W——¹, fated to appear,
 Spite of thyself, a glorious minister !
 Speak the loud language princes 45
 And treat with half the
 At length to B——² kind, as to thy
 Espouse the nation, you

What can thy H——³
 Dress in Dutch 50
 Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
 To show

Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
 Veracious W——⁴, and frontless Young ;⁵
 Sagacious Bubb,⁶ so late a friend, and there 55
 So late a foe, yet more sagacious H—— ?⁷
 Hervey and Hervey's school, F—, H——y,
 H——n,⁸

Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.⁹
 How ! what can O——w, what can D——¹⁰,
 The wisdom of the one and other chair, 60

¹ Walpole.² Britain.—*Carruthers*.³ Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert.⁴ Winnington.⁵ Sir William Yonge.⁶ Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe.⁷ Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester.⁸ Fox, Henly, Hinton.⁹ Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester.¹⁰ Speaker Onslow and Lord Delaware.

N——¹ laugh, or D——'s² sager
 Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s mighty peer?³
 What help from J——'s⁴ opiates canst thou
 draw,

Or H——k's quibbles voted into law?⁵

C.⁶, that Roman in his nose alone, 65
 Who hears all causes, B——,⁷ but thy own,
 Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and
 fate

Made fit companions for the sword of state.

Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
 The sousing prelate, or the sweating peer, 70
 Drag out, with all its dirt and all its weight,
 The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?
 Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
 The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.

The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
 To save thee, in the infectious office, dies. 76
 The first firm P——y,⁸ soon resigned his
 breath.

Brave S——w⁹ loved thee, and was lied to
 death.

Good M——m——t's fate tore P——th from thy
 side,¹⁰

And thy last sigh was heard, when W——m
 died.¹¹ 80

¹ Duke of Newcastle.

² Duke of Dorset. Perhaps the last word should
 be "sneer."

³ Duke of Marlborough.

⁴ Sir Joseph Jekyll.

⁵ Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

⁶ Spencer Compton, Lord Wilmington, President of
 the Council.—*Carruthers*.

⁷ Britain. ⁸ Daniel Pulteney.—*Croker*.

⁹ Lord Scarborough.

¹⁰ The Earl of Marchmont and his son, Lord Pol-
 warth.

¹¹ Sir William Wyndham.

Thy nobles Sl—s, thy Se—s bought with
gold,¹
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ☹ a ⊕'''s ad
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink²
Alas! on one alone our all relies,³ 85
Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his still a⁴
Be but a man! unministered, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne; 90
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ☼'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his *in* his . . . strong,⁵
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood, 95
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

¹ Thy noble slaves, thy senates bought, &c.

² Courthope suggests for this couplet:

An atheist court, a thief's administration,
Blotch thee all o'er and sink thee to damnation.

³ The Pretender.—*Ward*.

⁴ Bowles suggests:

Let him no trifler from his father's school,
Nor, like his father's father, still a fool—

⁵ Probably "Rich *with* his Britain, *in* his Britain strong.—*Courthope*.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.





EPITAPHS.

“ His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere ! ”—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 885-6.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, IN SUSSEX. [1706.]

DORSET, the grace of Courts, the
Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature,
died.

The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state :
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay ;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.

Blest satirist ! who touched the mean so true,
As showed Vice had his hate and pity too.

Blest courtier ! who could king and country
please,

Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.

Blest peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race ;

Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,¹

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III., WHO HAVING RESIGNED HIS
PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAM-
STEAD, IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.




PLEASING form ; a firm, yet cau-
tious mind ;
Sincere, though prudent ; constant,
yet resigned :
Honour unchanged, a principle professed,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest :
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
Just to his prince, and to his country true :
Filled with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
A generous faith, from superstition free ;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny ;
Such this man was ; who now, from earth re-
moved,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

¹ The greater part of this epitaph was originally
written for John Lord Caryll.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT ;
AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT, IN
OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

 O this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art !
draw near,
Here lies the friend most loved, the
son most dear :

Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.


How vain is reason, eloquence how weak !
If *Pope* must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own !

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ :
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

 TATESMAN, yet friend to truth !
of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour
clear !
Who broke no promise, served no private end ;

Who gained no title, and who lost no friend ;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
 Praised, wept, and honoured, by the Muse he
 loved.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



HY relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we
 trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful
 dust :

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,¹
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too, blest !
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.²

¹ The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham ; to which was originally intended this epitaph :

“This Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below
 Was Dryden once : the rest who does not know?”

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet :

J. DRYDEN.

NATUS AUG. 9, 1631. MORTUUS MAJ 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS
POSUIT.—P.

² This epitaph was altered by Pope, and now stands as follows, on the monument erected in the Abbey to Rowe and his daughter :

“Thy reliques, Rowe ! to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy Shakspear place thy honoured bust.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.



ERE rests a woman, good without
pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with
sober sense :

No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired ;
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that Virtue only is our own ;
So unaffected, so composed a mind ;
So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refined ;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.¹

Oh, next him, skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest ;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too, blest !
And blest that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.
To these so mourned in death, so loved in life,
The childless parent, and the widowed wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own."

¹ This epitaph is on a monument in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOUR-
ABLE ROBERT DIGBY, AND HIS
SISTER MARY,ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE
CHURCH OF SHERBORNE, IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

O! fair example of untainted youth;
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Composed in sufferings, and in joy
sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might
hear:

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast followed to the silent tomb,
Steered the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven and not a
 master, taught,
 Whose art was Nature, and whose
 pictures Thought;
 Now for two ages having snatched from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crowned with princes' honours, poets'
 lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
 Living, great Nature feared he might outvie¹
 Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest,
 gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of
 human kind.
 Oh born to arms! O worth in youth ap-
 proved!
 O soft humanity, in age beloved!

¹ Imitated from the famous epitaph on Raphael:

"Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori."—P.

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTEAD, IN BERKS, 1730.



HIS modest stone, what few vain
marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest
man :

A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and
great :


Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked Heaven that he had lived, and that he
died.

XL.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.



 F manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
With native humour tempering vir-
tuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age :
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the great :
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.¹

¹ “*Here lies Gay*,”—i.e. in the hearts of the good and worthy. Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood; for, by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expression, which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.—*Warburton*.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS :

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CÆLUM :

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.



NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in
night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all
was light.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP
OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732. (HIS ONLY
DAUGHTER HAVING EXPIRED IN HIS ARMS, IMME-
DIATELY AFTER SHE ARRIVED IN FRANCE TO SEE
HIM.)

DIALOGUE.

SHE.



YES, we have lived—one pang, and
then we part!
May Heaven, dear Father! now have
all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we loved, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.


HE.

Dear shade ! I will :
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless
 ghost !
 O more than fortune, friends, or country lost !
 Is there on earth one care, one wish beside ?
 Yes—Save my country, Heaven,
 —He said, and died.

XIV.


ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKING-
 HAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,
 1735.

F modest youth, with cool reflection
 crowned,
 And every opening virtue blooming
 round,
 Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state ;
 This weeping marble had not asked thy tear,
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here !
 The living virtue now had shone approved,
 The senate heard him, and his country loved.
 Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham ;
 In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart,
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.


XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EROES, and kings! your distance
keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you :
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.


XVI.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

NDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they
will ;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his
stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not
a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal
within :
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVII.

ON JOHN HUGHES AND SARAH
DREW.¹


 WHEN Eastern lovers feed the funeral
 fire,
 On the same pile the faithful pair
 expire :
 Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
 And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
 Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well
 pleased,
 Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

I.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
 A pair so faithful could expire ;
 Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
 And snatched them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate ;
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

¹ Two lovers who were killed by lightning, 1718.
 (See Pope's Letter to Lady M. W. Montagu, Sept. 1,
 1718.)



ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and
sing;
The breathing instruments in-
spire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the
skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
 Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to
 Arms,
How martial Music every bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his
 strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflamed with glory's charms :
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,

And half unshoathed the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
 O'er all the dreary coasts !
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortured ghosts !
But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their
 heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bowers ;
By the hero's armed shades,

Glittering through the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that died for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals'
 cries—

Ah see, he dies !
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 The immortal powers incline their ear,
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
 And Angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.¹

¹ This ode, originally written in 1708, and first published in the 1717 edition of Pope's works, was afterwards altered, that it might be set to music :

An Ode composed for the publick Commencement at Cambridge : on Monday July the 6th, 1730. At the Musick Act. The Words by Alexander Pope, Esq. The Musick by Maurice Greene, Doctor in Musick.

AN ODE.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire,

Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 In more lengthened notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers, soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder they sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or when the soul is sunk in cares,
 Exalts her with enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires by sprightly sounds ;
 Pours balm into the lover's wounds :
 Passions no more the soul engage,
 Even factions hear away their rage.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
 And softened mortals learned the arts of peace.
 Amphion taught contending kings,
 From various discords to create
 The Music of a well-tuned state,
 Nor slack nor strain the tender strings ;
 Those useful touches to impart,
 That strike the subjects' answering heart ;
 And the soft, silent harmony, that springs
 From sacred union and consent of things.

IV.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial Music every bosom warms !
 When the first vessel dared the seas,
 The Thracian raised his strain,
 And Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main,

Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflamed with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
 And half unsheathed the shining blade ;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

V.

But when through all the infernal bounds
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost ;
 The adamantine gates were barred,
 And nought was seen, and naught was heard,
 Around the dreary coast,
 But dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortured ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,
 See shady forms advance !
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

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 By the fragrant winds that blow
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 By the hero's armed shades,
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Thus Song could prevail
 O'er Death and o'er Hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.¹

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.



YE shades, where sacred truth is
 sought ;
 Groves, where immortal Sages
 taught ;
 Where heavenly visions Plato fired,
 And Epicurus lay inspired !
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born sisters ! source of art !
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ;
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth, and mystic Song !

¹ Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham House.—P.

To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ?
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust ;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore,
 See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole !
 'Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods ! what justice rules the ball ?
 Freedom and Arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh cursed effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state !
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love ! hast thou possessed
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has impressed ?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast ?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve ;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love :
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love ? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kinder flames unite ;
And burn for ever one ;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy !
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
Or views his smiling progeny ;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move ?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises ;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine !
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.¹

ODE.

I.



ITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering fly-
 ing,

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 " Sister Spirit, come away."
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

¹ This Ode was first printed in 1736. But it would appear from the Caryl correspondence to have been written in 1712. Probably an earlier and much inferior version was written then, and Pope afterwards tried to make it appear that the improved version was a youthful production.

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O Grave ! where is thy victory ?

O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.¹

TRANSLATED.



H, fleeting spirit ! wandering fire !

That long hast warmed my tender
 breast,

Must thou no more this frame in-
 spire ;

No more a pleasing cheerful guest ?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying,

To what dark undiscovered shore ?

Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,

And wit and humour are no more.

¹ These verses are of doubtful authorship, but are supposed to have been written by Pope in 1712. They were first published in his "Letters" in 1735, but were omitted from the Edition of 1737.

The following are Adrian's lines :

" Animula vagula, blandula,
 Hospes, comesque corporis,
 Quae nunc abibis in loca ?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec, ut soles, dabis joca."

ODE ON SOLITUDE.¹

APPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixt; sweet recreation:
 And Innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

¹ This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.—P.



PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.¹

DO wake the soul by tender strokes of
art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the
heart ;

To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every
age ;

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous
cause,

Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,

¹ First acted April 14, 1713.

What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to
 bleed ?

Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
As her dead Father's reverend image passed,
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every
 eye ;

The world's great victor passed unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honoured Cæsar less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approved,
And show, you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she
 subdued ;

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
Be justly warmed with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

¹ This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it was printed. — *Warburton*.

PROLOGUE TO THE "THREE HOURS
AFTER MARRIAGE."¹



UTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules ;

The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools :

Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laughed at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall,
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all ?
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."

By running goods, these graceless owlers² gain ;
These are the rules of France, the plots of Spain :
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dashed by these rogues, turns English common draught.

They pall Molière's and Lopez'³ sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.

How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate ?
It had been civil in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes,

¹ This play was written by Gay, assisted by Arbuthnot and Pope. It was produced in 1717. Johnson in his *Life of Gay* says that it "disgusted the audience, and the performance was driven off the stage with general condemnation."

² Smugglers.

³ Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist (1562-1638).

Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
 But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
 If any fool is by our satire bit,
 Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's hit.
 Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes,
 We take no measure of your fops and beaus,
 But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
 And fit yourselves, like chaps¹ in Monmouth-
 street.

Gallants! look here, this fools-cap has an
 air, *[Shows a cap with ears.]*
 Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
 Let no one fool engross it, or confine,
 A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear,
 Our author has it now, (for every wit
 Of course resigned it to the next that writ :)
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown ;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.
[Flings down the cap, and exit.]

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR.
 D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.²



ROWN old in rhyme, 'twere bar-
 barous to discard
 Your persevering, unexhausted bard :
 Damnation follows death in other
 men,
 But your damned poet lives, and writes again.

¹ Chapmen. Monmouth Street, Soho, was noted
 for second-hand clothes-shops.

² Tom D'Urfey, born 1650, died 1723.

The adventurous lover is successful still,
 Who strives to please the fair against her will :
 Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
 Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
 He scorned to borrow from the wits of yore ;
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
 You modern wits, should each man bring his
 claim,

Have desperate debentures on your fame ;
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
 From his deep fund our author largely draws ;
 Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
 Though plays for honour in old time he made,
 'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
 Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song.
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
 Though Tom the poet writ with ease and
 pleasure,

The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ;
 But 'tis substantial happiness, to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damned to get his living.

A PROLOGUE TO A PLAY¹ FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT IN 1733.

WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.



S when that hero, who in each campaign,
 Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
 Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe !
 Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe ;
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
 But pitied Belisarius old and blind ?
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight ?
 A common soldier but who clubbed his mite ?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When pressed by want and weakness Dennis
 lies ;
 Dennis, who long had warred with modern
 Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns ;
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse :
 How changed from him who made the boxes
 groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own !²
 Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope !
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in
 scorn :

¹ The play was "The Provoked Husband," by Vanbrugh and Cibber. Dennis died three weeks afterwards, Jan. 6, 1734.

² See "Dunciad," ii. 226.

If there's a critic of distinguished rage ;
 If there's a senior, who contemns this age ;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's friend.

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE
 SHORE.¹

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of
 our play
 From her own sex should mercy find
 to-day !

You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peeped in your fans, been serious, thus, and
 cried,

The play may pass—but that strange creature,
 Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “How strangely you expose yourself, my
 dear !”

But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natured things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within :
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin ;

¹ Acted in 1714.

Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain
 grams.

Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
'Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends,
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be
living.

In days of old, they pardoned breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse :
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his
 life ?

Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife :
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder. ♪
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her
back !

Though with the Stoic Chief our stage may
ring,

The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to
you?

Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit
ye,

But the kind cuckold might instruct the city :
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or looked in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your
face;

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good ;
'Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet
down.

END OF VOL. II.



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